

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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## LITTLE JIM.

AH! these newsboys, how reckless they are—springing on and off car-steps, climbing over, crawling under, and dodging around all obstructions, plunging into the most crowded streets, and squirming along between trucks, and under horses' heads and heels, with an utter disregard of danger that makes any chance observer hold the breath.

But sometimes one of these brave, heedless little fellows comes to grief, falling from a car platform in swinging himself on or off, or else being trampled down in the mud of the street, and picked up dead, or dying, or crippled. The last one to meet with disaster at a certain crossing on lower Broadway was Jimmy Brown, or "The Baby," as the other boys more frequently called him; not that he was really babyish, but he was so small, and had a fair complexion, and blue eyes with such an appealing look in them—just such a boy as mothers pet and hold and rock long after they pass the years of babyhood.

But poor Jimmy was motherless, and his father was a drunkard, so the boy found the world rather a hard, loveless place. He had not long been a newsboy, and he was very proud when his sales were good, and still prouder when he could bravely stem the tide of a crowded street, and come up flushed and breathless but victorious on the other curb. He was fast learning the ways of his fellows, and longed to grow big and strong.

But one afternoon, when the crush was just at its height, the child either slipped in crossing, or became bewildered, and went down under the trampling hoofs, and instantly horses were held up on either side, and one wagon delayed another until a block resulted, and every one was eagerly demanding the reason.

"A child run over!" was the answer passed along from one to another. Some repeated it in accents of pity, some in horror, and still others half impatiently on account of losing the few moments, and being belated in some pleasure or business engagement.

But the helpless little mortal was speedily lifted to the sidewalk, and while waiting for an ambulance a policeman held him tenderly in his arms, regardless that his new uniform was being sadly soiled; but the ambulance surgeon soon relieved him, and poor little Jim was borne away to the hospital.

The accident made a two-line item in the papers, and though one day passed and then another, no one came to inquire for the child. Could it be that no one missed him? was there no home, however humble, that was desolate because of his continued absence? were there so many little boys in the great city that one could drop out and no one care?

The day after the accident the boys—who were so anxious to sell that they had no time to read the news—began to inquire for "The Baby." Where could he

be that he had not crossed the beat of any of them? Possibly he was sick, and when the second day wore on without his appearance, Billy Burns, who had been especially kind to the little fellow and often been his protector and champion, said he would go to his home and see.

Billy climbed the rickety stairways and found the door of the Browns' room locked. Then he inquired of the people across the landing, but they were just moving in and could give him no information; but on the floor below he learned that the father was having a long carouse, and as to little Jim, they were so used to seeing him flit quietly up and down the stairs that they really could not remember when they had last seen him.

But in the meantime one of the newsboys had heard of a child being hurt and taken to a certain hospital, and there, as soon as possible, Billy went to make inquiries.

"Yes; you can see him," said the person to whom he applied. "To-day is the first he has been conscious, but he seems unable to remember or tell anything. Are you his brother?"

"Oh! no; he aint got nobody but a father, an'—an' he aint much good; he's on a reg'ler spree ag'in!"

"Ah! then that accounts for the child not being missed; it seemed very strange. Come this way."

Billy would not have known that swathed and bandaged little form on the cot to be Jimmy but for his voice, faint indeed, but with a ring of recognition and joy in it. Memory was aroused.

"O Billy! dear Billy! I'm so glad you come."

"My grashus! I'd a-come 'fore now if I'd knowed a breath about it. Be you all broke up, chummie?"

"I guess so. I'm jest one big ache all over; don't pa know nothin' 'bout it, Billy?"

"Pears he don't, Jimmy. I couldn't find him."

"Poor pa! he'll feel bad. I wish I could see him."

"You shall. I'll find him an' bring him to-morrer."

It was such an effort for the child to talk that his visitor was not allowed to stay any longer, but he came again the next day, and still alone.

"Dear Billy," whispered the child, "I'm afraid, an' I want you to tell me true, does it hurt to die?"

"I—I dunno, 'Baby!' but—why no; come to think, dyin' is when all the hurt stops; don't ye see?"

"Is it? then I'm so glad. I'm tired of hurtin'; I can't noway bear it if it's worse'n livin'. I heard 'em say I was goin' to die when they thought I didn't know nothin'; an' I was afraid."

"Poor Jimmy! poor little feller. I'm so sorry for ye; but you needn't be one mite afraid o' dyin', 'cause I'm sure it'll be jes' as easy."

"Yer allers been good to me, Billy; I love ye."

Billy pressed his hand, but could not speak for a great ball in his throat that seemed to choke him.

"Nurse said I'd go to that nice place where my mamma is, an' she'd be lookin' fer me, an' I'd be well right off, soon as dyin' wus over, an' I aint afraid of it no more, if it don't hurt."

Poor little boy. He had been dying all day, but he did not know it, and now it was almost over and ease was at hand.

"Good-night, Billy. I'm so sleepy an' comfor'ble now; tell pa good-night. I'll hev to go to sleep."

A half-hour later Jimmy's father came to see his boy, but found only a lifeless little body.

"Take him?" he said, in answer to inquiries. "Indeed, I'll take him. I aint done much for him livin', but no one else shall bury him. I can afford it. I've got his mother's gold watch; she made me promise to keep it, for little Jim; there was a chain, but one time that

went, but I hung on to the watch, a-savin' it for the little chap, an' now—now it'll bury him."

The great, tall man bowed his face in his hands and wept with a passion pitiful to see.

"Yes, I'll pawn it, an' the money'll git him a coffin an' a carriage, an' a parson to say a prayer for him, though it's me needs prayin' for more'n he does, by long odds. You think I've been a bad father, an' so I have. More shame to me with

such a purty little boy as him an' his mother dead an' gone. An' here I've been glad these days back when I came home an' he wasn't there to see how—how I was."

In a short time the casket came and then the carriage and the minister, and little Jim, who had found both life and death so hard, was placed beside his mother, and the restless tide of humanity surges up and down the streets as if there were no such tragedies of life and death.

LILLIAN GREY.

## FARMER'S GOLD.

OUT in the field the scythes were swinging,  
 All in the morn of a summer day,  
 And, while the reapers went on singing,  
 Severed the heads of the daisies lay.  
 Down came daisies and down came clover,  
 Down came timothy red and brown,  
 Till the farmer's child came running over,  
 "Father! why do you cut it down?"

Snatching the questioner to his shoulder,  
 Resting her there in his tender hold,  
 Gayly the bronzed young father told her,  
 "Grass must turn into farmer's gold.  
 Clover, timothy, butter-cups, daisies,  
 Grow as far as your eye can see,  
 Every stalk that its head upraises  
 Must be turned into gold for me."

They raked the mown grass a few days after,  
 Sweet as was ever to cattle fed,  
 Here came the child, too still for laughter,  
 Thinking of what her father said.  
 She had not known, while gravely listening,  
 He spoke of money his purse would hold,  
 But saw the yellow hay lie there glistening,  
 And cried, "Has it really turned to gold?"

ELLEN V. TALBOT.

## MISUNDERSTOOD.

MRS. ARNOLD sat on the back porch of their home, paring harvest apples to stew for tea. Across the pasture, in the ten-acre-lot beyond, Mr. Arnold and their only child Jack, a boy of fifteen, were setting up the golden sheaves of grain into shapely shocks after the self binder had done its work. The tinkle of the cow-bell sounded in the timber near by, and the old turkey hens were wading around in the luxuriant growth of clover skirting it, catching flies and grasshoppers for their brood of little ones.

Mrs. Arnold rested her arms upon the side of the pan in her lap, with knife in hand, and looked out over the much-loved landscape. The slanting rays of the sun made the scene all the more beautiful with its light and shadows—shadows that stretched out so far that the little cherry tree down by the gate looked at its own shadow upon the grass and almost believed that it was really and truly as tall as the mammoth oak upon the hill. Her eyes wandered from the glistening sheen of the timber to the waving, mellow field of uncut grain, and on to the busy shockers. Then her face saddened till she finally exclaimed aloud:

"I do wish Jack was different. He's such a *discouraging* boy."

The tone of her voice told of her disappointment even more than her words. She, as well as her husband, were energetic, steady-going, old-fashioned people, striving to keep Jack in the old, well-beaten path which they had zealously traveled all their lives.

Mrs. Arnold loved her boy, yet she never thought it necessary to tell him so, and as for *kissing* him, that was given up about as soon as he donned his boots and suspenders. Of course, on rare occasions

she kissed him even yet. Only the year before when she had visited a sister thirty miles away she had kissed him "good-bye."

But, of course, it would never do to keep it up, it would only make a "baby" of him. Jack was, indeed, a boy hard to understand. He was quiet, *very* quiet, slow to form an opinion, yet, when once formed, slow to relinquish it. His eyes were brown, and I know of no expression which will so well describe them as to say they were deep, longing, unsatisfied eyes. You could see all this and more as you gazed into them. Yet if he spoke—he never spoke unless he wished to *say* something—it never seemed to let you into the secret of those eyes. For two or three years now he had been quieter than usual, and his mother believed it was because his brain was not growing with his body. And much she grieved in secret. Their only living child, and so dull and quiet.

"Yet he is nobody's fool," she used to say, over and over, to her husband, with a sort of desperate satisfaction. "But, Larson, he's so *discouraging*."

Jack was a good worker—there was no discount on his work, and he was a willing worker. For two years now he had done a man's work from the spring's sowing-time till the last golden ear of corn lay safely in its crib.

Then at school he was not *dull*, for he was always up with his classes; yet, had he so desired, he could have gone ahead; it only needed interest and exertion on his part. Yet he never gave them.

And lately—and this was what grieved Mrs. Arnold so bitterly—he had got to spending his evenings in town. She never went to bed until he returned, when, with closed lips and aching heart, she would let



him come in and go up to his room, locking the doors after him, but never saying one word of entreaty or remonstrance. She believed she couldn't say anything because her heart ached so, yet she begged Mr. Arnold to do so.

And he did in a way which only made matters worse, for somehow Jack never could endure harshness. It seemed to make him rebellious.

Yet, evenings he would linger around where his mother was busy in the kitchen, finishing up the little ends of her day's toil—linger as if waiting to be asked to stay at home. And the mother would talk on and on, about this and that, and the boy would answer, while neither one was interested in what they said, but neither ever spoke about that which clung nearest to their hearts.

Then Jack would finally loiter down the road, and Mrs. Arnold would watch him out of sight with such a heavy heart.

Mrs. Arnold thought, as she pared savagely away at her apples, how much oftener those visits were made of late, and once she believed she smelled *tobacco* on the boyish lips. She questioned herself what she could do for the hundredth time, and answered herself the same as she always did, "If he was only different, like other boys, now, I could talk to him, but he's so dull and heartless."

Yet she never *tried* to talk to him. And she got up and put her apples on the stove to stew, with a heart aching as it never ached before.

Jack noticed the sorrowful face when he came to supper, and said to himself:

"They never loved nor understood me. I'm only a burden and an eyesore, and the sooner they forget me the better."

Things grew worse after this, and Jack finally decided to leave home, so his parents might not be saddened by his presence. And then another little one was coming to fill his place, and this he thought would only crowd him out the more. His mind was fully made up now.

He would leave as soon as the grain was all safely stacked.

Ah! how he loved the dear scenes after all, as he went about his daily duties, thinking of others who would do them when he was gone—and would they miss him any? His heart went out in pitiful longings toward the father and mother who were so near to him yet so far away, who loved him yet never told him so.

At last the grain was stacked, but yet he couldn't bring himself about leaving his father with all the haying untouched. So he decided finally to help put up the hay and then go. Perhaps it would solace him when the home and loved ones were left behind to remember he had done still more for those who bore him.

But time will not stand still, though every hand is raised in remonstrance, nor will the time ever come when all the work is done, and the ivy vines began to grow red and golden, and a soft carpet of autumn leaves lay under the shade trees in the front yard, before Jack could feel as if his father could get along without him. Then he decided he would not wait another day, for somehow, now that the autumn winds (as they hurried around the house with suppressed moans) foretold drearier, colder weather in the future—somehow the old home seemed drearier than ever, and the winter supply of logs only made his heart ache—for it would not be his place to sit and watch them glow and crackle in the grate as he had done so many, many times, and—but it could not be helped—if he was only loved and appreciated all would be different.

Those restless eyes did not close in sleep that night as the boy sat on his bed and listened for the last murmur from below; listened, anxious to start on his lonely journey, yet eager to catch every word, and tearful when the last faint sound came floating up.

Then he clumsily put a change of clothing into a little satchel, together with a book a teacher had given him long before,

a tiny, worn pincushion his mother had once made him, and a little toy his baby sister had once played with and broken before she was laid away to sleep in the little graveyard. Then he sat down again to wait till his parents were surely asleep.

Even then he lingered, dreading to leave the little room he had so often called his own. Then he crept down the stairs, through the hallway, and was just passing his parents' room on the way to the kitchen to take a farewell look when he heard his parents' voices in their room.

Frightened and fearful lest he should be discovered, he slipped noiselessly back to his room, just as his father called from the foot of the stairs:

"Jack! Jack! you'll have to go for the doctor, for mother is sick."

The boy, ever obedient and unselfish, hurriedly pushed his satchel under his bed and hastened down. Perhaps tomorrow night, if she got better, he would again start—one day would make no great difference.

"Ride the brown horse, Jack," his father called after him, "and bring Dr. Phillips if in, if not, then get Dr. Cole."

Was it other than the hand of Providence that guided the events of that night?

Little did either mother or son guess how those events were to change their future lives.

In the morning when Jack was called in to see his mother he found by her side a little baby sister, not sweeter nor fairer than the mother's face looked as she turned to welcome her boy.

He stood over her a moment, his heart beating fast as he thought where he might have been had his purpose matured—when he thought how much he loved the dear face, and how much trouble he had ever given her whom he called "mother;" when he thought of all this and much more which crowded his mind, his grief and regret was too much, and he dropped

down and covered his face in the bed-clothes to hide his grief.

"Jack, my boy, are you sorry God has given you a little sister?" asked Mrs. Arnold, anxiously.

"Oh! no, no, mother," came from the covered face.

"Then why do you cry. We'll love you none the less."

"Do you love me at *all*, mother? did you ever love me?" the boy asked, breathlessly, and then, remembering his boldness, his face reddened as he sought his friendly hiding-place again.

"Love you, Jack, my son!" the mother exclaimed, "and you our only boy! why, Jack, did you ever doubt it?"

"Yes, mother, often—always. You never said so, mother, and I thought you—you were both tired of me."

"You poor boy. Come here, my son," and she pulled the tearful face up close to hers and kissed it again and again.

"There, Jack," the nurse cautioned, as she came into the room, "you'd better go now, and come again," and Jack hurried from the room, his face wet with happy tears which somehow he was not a bit ashamed of, though he was a big boy—almost sixteen.

Then came days when Mrs. Arnold was very sick and the doctor gravely shook his head over her recovery, and through it all none administered unto her more tenderly and lovingly than the "awkward boy," Jack.

It was he whom the mother desired to fan her, to hold the cup of water to her lips, to soothe her tired head in the weary evening hours, and to give her the medicine as the hours dragged by.

She was just beginning to understand her boy, and, oh! how her heart misgave her as she thought how she had misjudged and blamed him. There was plenty of time for thinking during all those days when the doctor said she was improving, but the process was so imper-

ceptible that not even the devoted Jack could see much change.

But the time came when she could sit up, and then Jack told her of the little packed satchel up-stairs and the purposes he had fostered, and of the weary heart-aches and the hopeless tears.

But *love* was the new bond that now bound them together, and how Jack rejoiced in the sweet relation! He was easily governed when the mother called upon his love and fidelity, and the evenings in town were a thing of the past before she had even been able to sit up. How often their lips met in loving kisses as they watched the tiny developments of

the wee sister, and Jack often declared she was jealous, for at times her little brows would contract into a fearful scowl, and her tiny hands pound away at his drooping head as if to drive him away, and then at other times the little velvet palms would rest upon his head as if in benediction. Then Jack would snatch her up and cover her baby face with kisses, so glad and contented in the happy love around him. The devotion did not wane, for all through the winter, as Jack watched the logs disappear in the fireplace as he had feared he would not, the mother and son were all in all to each other, and in this sweet relation we will leave them.

BERTHA PACKARD ENGLETT.

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## FOUR QUATRAINS ON POETRY.

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### I.

THERE is no sphere inhabited, untrod—  
No realm but doth to Poetry belong:  
In universal poem writ by God,  
World answers world from out the deeps of song.

### II.

True poetry springs but from poet's heart;  
This great world's tribulation and its woe,  
All human joys—the bliss of Heaven in part,  
To round his perfect work should poet know.

### III.

The world seems dark—life's deep'ning shadows fall,  
The soul is desolate, the heart forlorn;  
When, suddenly, sounds forth the poet's call!  
Soul touches soul and a new world is born.

### IV.

The poet-miners from their mines of gold  
Still to the world do matchless treasures lend;  
Thought upon thought they swell the stores of old,  
And poet's wealth shall grow till time hath end.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE

## THE MYSTERY OF HIGH PEAK.

IT was a cold March day. Winter still ruled the world and spring gave no sign of coming.

As the day faded, several boys—boot-blacks and newsboys—stood near the New York entrance of the East River bridge. They clapped their red hands and shuffled about on their chilled feet, while they eagerly discussed some matter of great interest.

"What's the news?" inquired a newcomer.

"Jernky! here's a paperman wot don't know the latest news, an' deals in evenin' 'ditions, too. Why, ther's goin' ter be war immejit, an' England thinks she kin whip us, an' old Rooshy she's a-goin' ter—"

"Oh! hold up yer chaff," said a boy, interrupting the voluble speaker. "It's about Jim Daly. He's got adopted by a uncle that comes along as suddent as wink, an' had papers ter show as he wus Jim's lawful gardeen, an' had a p'leece-man as could testify ter Jim, an' so he jest give his kit ter Mike here; an' they hustled the chap away ter a clothin' store, an' he's goin' off ter-night."

"An' he wus rigged out so yer wouldn't a-knowed him, Pete," chimed in another boy, anxious to share the news-telling. "An' he aint never comin' back, an'—"

"An' he didn't know if he wus glad or not."

"An' he left his love fer all the fellers."

"But where's he gone?" asked Pete, failing in the babble of tongues to understand that.

"Why, out West, on a ranch. His uncle says he owns it his ownself, an' he's got milyuns o' hosses an' cattle, an' Jim's ter hev a hoss of his very ownest own, an' go a-shootin' Injuns an' bufferlows every

day if he wants ter. I tell yer it's a reg'ler lift fer Jim."

"I should say. Wouldn't mind hev'in' sech a wind-fall myself. Has Whitey been here to-day?"

"No, no; aint seen him. Why, Pete?"

"Oh! nothin' special, only I've got in the way of keepin' an eye on the kid, an' he aint been acrost my beat in three days. Bet he's sick."

"Like enough. Looks as if any good wind 'ud blow him into the river; ther' aint no grit in him."

"Guess you'd think diff'rent if you'd seen him take a poor dog's part t'other day. Grashus! didn't he fire up? his face was red 'stead o' chalk color once. If he comes around to-morrer be kind o' easy on him, will ye, boys? he's so little. There's a blue-coat—best move on."

The next morning one of the boys said to Pete:

"Whitey is sick. I went round 'cos he's a-owin' me three cents, an' I thought 'twas wuth lookin' after; but I furgot all about it when I seen him an' heered him corf—he's got a reg'ler lay-by this time, an' he's whiter'n ever."

"Why, the poor little chap! I must go an' see him, and here's that three cents; don't ever dun him."

"Grashus! you aint no call ter pay his debts, Pete."

"No matter. Is he anyways comfortable?"

"Well, he didn't 'pear ter be a-rollin' in luxuries, but he—shine, sir, shine?" said the boy, hastily, not caring to lose a customer for sake of gossip.

That night Pete called on Whitey—otherwise Joe Hadley—who was delighted, for the time dragged, and his life was so dreary.



His father had been gone five years. No one knew where he went, nor why. He was earning fair wages and had a happy home, but one day he saw his name among the "personals" in the *Herald*. He was called for as heir to a small fortune. From that time he gave up his work and grew strange and restless, and one day he went out and never came back.

His wife did not know if he had received his legacy or not, and she was almost crazed by the worry and suspense. But she could not sit and idly bewail her loss, for there were two children to feed and clothe and shelter, and only her slender hands, which were not trained to any skilled labor, to do it all. She rented two cheap rooms, sold her best furniture, and began the hand-to-hand conflict with poverty and toil. She had spent all the money in advertising that she could spare and had left her address at her old residence, but in all these years there had come no word or clue.

The little girl died during one of the heated terms in the second summer of her father's absence, and Joe was so frail and delicate as to win the nickname of "Whitey" among the boys. When he was able he earned a little, but he was quiet and shy and disliked crowds and noise, and the rough life of the street grated on every nerve.

His mother had once lived in the country, and he was never tired of hearing her tell about it, and the glimpses he had in the Park of rolling meadows and magnificent trees and space only increased his longing to get away from the dust and din and smoke of the town. Oh! to get away into the beautiful country!

And so when his visitor told him that night of the wonderful thing that had befallen Jim Daly, how suddenly he had dropped his dingy city life and was even then speeding away to his new life in the boundless West, then Joe, while glad for Jim, yet felt a thrill of envy, and swift

sprung up the hope that even so would his father some day come for him.

When Joe became able to go on the street once more he asked again and again about Jim's good fortune, and though the information was meagre his vivid imagination supplied all details, until he could almost see Jim on a coal-black horse careering over blossoming prairies, his hair blowing back on the strong sweet wind, and the grimy life behind him well-nigh forgotten in the gladness of the new one.

But all this was fancy, for no one heard from Jim—whether the Western home was all his uncle had pictured it, or if the boy were happy or home-sick—and soon his old comrades ceased to speak of him, all but Joe, who was always longing for the country and looking into strangers' faces in the hope of finding his father.

As the summer's heat increased the boy grew weaker, until he could scarcely crawl down the long stairways to sit on the door-steps, where it did seem to be a bit cooler, and there he was found one day by a city missionary who stopped to speak to him, and then went up the stairs to see the mother.

The result of this visit was a ticket for two weeks in the country. Joe could hardly believe the evidence of his senses, that such a joy should come to him, and from that hour he began to gain strength for his journey.

The only drawback was that his mother could not go, but what treasures of field and wood he should bring to her, and how he would try and remember things to tell her!

Joe's mother with many others went to see the children off and returned to their toil and discomforts all the stronger and braver because such burdens were lifted for a time from the frail shoulders of the little ones. Blessings on the sweet and gracious charity of the Fresh Air Mission!

Joe's destination, with two others, was a



farm-house, with low, wide, white-walled rooms, where were soft, sweet-smelling beds, and where a bountiful table was set three times a day, with unlimited milk and ginger-bread in between, and a hearty welcome to it all.

Joe was soon friends with the people, and every creature on the place except the geese, which hissed him out of their society.

In front of the house the country spread out in wide, almost level fields, but in the rear the land rose gradually to the wood-line and then reared abruptly into such a mountain range as Joe had never seen.

At first he was fairly awed as he looked up at the hill-tops, which seemed literally to touch the sky, but very soon there grew a wonderful fascination and love for them in his heart and a longing to explore them and climb even to the very highest crown. One day he asked the farmer, who said:

"Yes, folks has been to the top o' High Peak. I've been myself, years ago, but it's a hard pull. An' folks do say now that a hermit lives some'rs along that air range in some cave; nobody knows jest where nor how, an' I aint never laid eyes on him, but Larkins has; he comes there with skins an' berries an' such, an' barter's 'em off for supplies. He don't talk much an' comes after dark an' is dreadful rough-lookin'. Folks call him the 'Wild Man o' the Mountains.' He aint never done no harm as I can hear, but it does seem as if he must have a powerful reason to hide himself away like that."

The farmer went to his work, and Joe sat on the stone wall and looked at the hills above him with new interest. How strange and grand it must be to live up there, and to have those long stretches of cliff and woodland for one's very own; and he half pitied and half envied the hermit, who could not be very bad and wicked if he had never stolen or made the farmers any trouble.

The boy spent a half-hour in fancies

and speculations, and then, child-like, forgot it all as the boys called him to play down by the brook; but the rest soon wearied of the water and went off on some new pursuit, leaving Joe idly following up the stream, which grew shallower, and sang louder as it neared the rocky hill. At last he came to a tiny fall which arrested his footsteps; the trees grew close together over it, and the shade was very refreshing after the hot sunshine down below.

But Joe's curiosity to see where the water came from enticed his feet farther up the rocky steep, and then he heard the sound of another fall; he soon reached it and was charmed with the beauty of the shimmering veil of falling water. He lingered here some time, for the air was so fresh and sweet, and then, still eager to see what was above, he clambered on.

He had no thought of fear. The squirrels were running along the logs and branches, often turning on him bright, inquiring eyes, and the birds were flitting about, but not in full song—this was their mid-day lull; but from the upper woods came now and then a clear sweet note or two which Joe had never before heard, and he longed to get a sight of the songster. And now at last he was solving the mystery of the brook; it was singing no longer, but filtering slowly through a bed of the greenest moss ever seen. How he longed to take some of that moss to his mother, if only he had some paper, or even a piece of bark might do; a fragment lay at his feet but it crumbled as he touched it, but he thought there must be some pieces near by, so he turned away to look, going on and on until suddenly he heard the sweet bird-song just before him. Ah! what joy! now he would surely get a view of the singer; and forgetting his quest of the bark he hastened on, stumbling over brush and stones in his eagerness, and still the bird flitted before him, uttering its peculiar call as if to lure him on to the depths of the forest,

and then, listen as he might, he heard it no longer.

Joe stopped to rest. How very silent the woods were; not a living creature was in sight; and how dark it seemed. Was it because the tree-tops were so thick? And now right at his feet lay just the piece of bark desired; he lifted it, and retraced his steps a long way back.

But where was the mossy bed from which the brooklet started on its way down the hill?

Joe could not find it where he thought he left it, and so he turned back a little, and then went farther down, then up, and back again, until he knew that he was lost—or his guide the brook was lost, which was as bad.

And it was certainly growing dark! Could it be night already? why, it was but a little past noon when he started on his ramble! He began to be just a little frightened. What should he do if he could not find the little streamlet again?

Then he heard a low rumbling sound. Was it thunder, or was some dreadful wild beast coming to devour him?

But the next moment he thankfully remembered that the farmer had said there were no dangerous animals on the mountains, but with that remembrance came one of still greater terror—the wild man!

How could he have forgotten all about him? and he had ventured into his very haunts alone! Why, he might, at any minute, come striding along, and then—well, Joe did not dare to think any more, but fear lent speed to his feet and he rushed straight down the mountain not waiting to pick the smoothest footing, while the lightning began to pierce the darkness, and the roll of thunder came still nearer; and then he fell, and rolled and tumbled along until he struck, half-stunned, against a tree-trunk which lay on the edge of a chasm.

When he came to himself the rain was pattering on the leaves, and his foot ached terribly; and down at the farm-house the people were worrying about him, and the dear mother was far away and unconscious of his need; and under these accumulated miseries his courage failed, and he cried aloud.

Poor forlorn little Joe? But his deliverer was at hand. The boy heard footsteps, and looked up in abject terror to see the wild man himself approaching.

"How did you come to be here, little boy?"

The voice was harsh, but Joe looked intently into the man's face and lost some of his fear.

"I'm lost, please, an'—an' I guess I'm hurt some. I'm sorry I come, but I didn't mean no harm, an' please don't hurt me!"

"Hurt ye! a little chap like you! Can you walk?"

He offered his hand, and Joe took it, got up and limped a few steps bravely.

"This wont do, boy! I'll carry ye; it aint far to my place, and the rain pours."

The man picked up Joe and set out at a rapid pace through the dense forest. They soon reached his habitation, part cave and part hut; everything was rude in the extreme.

The hermit lighted a metal lamp, and kneeling down examined the boy's foot; then, with some liniment and rags, he bandaged it deftly, wrapped some sacking about Joe's damp shoulders, and then sat down and looked at him intently.

"Now, boy, you needn't be scared, but tell me how you came so far up the mountain alone. When it's dark I'll carry you home."

So Joe, partly reassured and comforted, told his story, and, led on by adroit questioning, gave a history of his little life. When he had finished the man sat silent with his face hidden in his hands, and

Joe looked him over from his shaggy head to his rough-shod feet, and wondered if even Jim, in the far West, had ever had such a thrilling experience.

At last the man raised his head and rubbed his hands unsteadily over it as if trying to brush away something that oppressed him. Finally he said:

"Maybe you're hungry, boy?"

Joe admitted that he was, although he had not thought of it before; and his host set before him some crackers and dried herring, and a rush basket filled with splendid blackberries.

Joe ate the latter with great relish, while the man watched him with his keen, sunken eyes.

The storm was soon over, and the sunbeams striking the wet leaves aslant made them glisten.

"Can't we go now, please? The folks'll be so worried, 'cause I've been gone ever sence dinner."

"I'll take you when it's dark; you couldn't find the way if you was fit to walk it."

So the child was forced to wait with what patience he could the pleasure of his strange host, and to answer his many questions; and finally he ventured to ask a few.

"Do you like to live here alone, mister?"

"Like it? yes," said the man, fiercely. "There aint no robbers here; the world's a wicked place. I'm out of it. I've lived here a long time; sometimes it's cold, an' the snow's deep; it's good now; but—I cough so."

Joe had noticed that, but had not dared to speak of it; but now he said, pityingly:

"Why don't you go to a doctor, an' get some stuff?"

"Doctors want money. Do I look as if I had it?"

Joe did not answer, but a feeling of compassion thrilled his heart, and taking

a wad of paper from his pocket he unrolled a shining half-dollar.

"Here, please, I want you to buy medicine for your cough with this. A man on the cars give it me. I was goin' to take it to my mother, but I'd rather you'd have it now; she aint sick."

"No, no; keep it for her, boy! I've got as much money as that if I wanted to spend any."

"Oh! please take it! you've been so good to me!"

"No, I won't!" said the man so gruffly that Joe meekly returned the coin to his pocket.

"So your father aint been home lately?" said the man, presently, as if wishing to hear the story repeated. And Joe told again how they had looked and waited for his coming, and how he was always watching men in the streets, and wishing his father might come as, Jim Daly's uncle did, with plenty of money and a nice home.

"An' we never knew why he went off," concluded Joe, pathetically. "He jest went out an' didn't come back, an' mamma an' me looked an' looked."

"He had reasons, most likely. There's robbers in the cities; if you ever have money, don't stay there with it; remember what I tell you. But it's getting dark, so we'll go down the mountain, unless you'd rather stay."

But Joe was on his feet at the first word of going, and, refusing to be carried, took hold of his guide's thin, rough hand and trudged along manfully by his side. How he divined the way Joe could not imagine, but after a while he heard the gurgle of the little brook which had so enticed him, and soon after they came out into the hill pasture, where they could see the lights of the farm-house, and people moving about outside with lanterns.

Joe's strength was gone, and he was faint with the pain in his foot; so he did not object when his companion lifted him and bore him swiftly along. When they were near enough to hear voices, he set

the boy down, telling him to call, and then vanished so suddenly and completely that it seemed to Joe as if the ground must have opened and taken him in.

Great was the rejoicing over the lost boy's return, and the wonder at his story, but he was discreet enough to keep some things to himself, and only to his mother did he repeat all that the strange man had said.

The boy could take no more long walks while he stayed, but he grew fat and strong and tanned, and when he went away he watched the mountains as far as he could see them, and his heart was strangely stirred with love and pity for the rough, lonely man who had been so kind to the little boy lost on High Peak.

A few weeks after Joe's return a young man called to see his mother. He was a lawyer's clerk and was from the place where Joe had spent his vacation. The news he brought was stranger than fiction, for he had come to request their immediate presence to take charge of the body of the long-lost husband and father, and to receive the property left to them.

The explanation was briefly as follows:

Late one night the doctor was startled by a call from a man who had for a long time been living alone on the mountain and had shunned all human companionship, but now he seemed very sick, and begged for shelter, saying that he could not die alone.

He had a lawyer called and made his will, bequeathing his money to his wife and son, half to each. It amounted to nearly thirty thousand dollars and was concealed upon his person. He gave the address which Joe had told him, and de-

sired the boy and his mother to be sent for, and said that the sudden possession of money had unsettled his brain, and his only thought was to flee with it and hide from the face of men, seeing in every one a possible robber.

The poor man had died suddenly, even before a messenger could be dispatched for his family. The details of his lonely life of privation could only be imagined, but as his strength failed the mists and insane fancies cleared from his brain and the finding of his son lost on High Peak had been a keen shock.

And so, at the very last, his brain was clear but his heart was sad at thought of his wasted life and useless wealth and forsaken family.

Joe and his mother soon stood sadly and forgivingly beside the lifeless form. They made the grave in the little cemetery in the shadow of the mountains and marked it by a plain marble shaft and many blossoming plants.

The money which was so long an idle burden is being used to educate little Joe and in helping many needy mothers and children, and the Fresh Air fund is largely aided.

The rude home on the mountain has never yet been found, but some day in years to come a hunter or a party of tourists may unexpectedly chance upon it. They will perhaps fancy it a den where robbers or counterfeiters have held trysting-place, nor know it as almost sacred from having been the shelter of a man whose disordered brain drove him from human companionship to live with Nature and with God.

LILLIAN GREY.

A RUSSIAN analyst gives the following as a test by which tea can be proved to be genuine or not: Take a pinch of tea in a glass, pour upon it a

little cold water and shake it up well. Pure tea will only slightly color the water, while a strong infusion is quickly got from the adulterated.



## THE MEADOW BANKS "SNIPPING PARTY."

**D**EACON BROADBENT'S house, on one of the prettiest of the seven hills of Meadow Banks, is aglow with light and color to-night.

Although the evening is getting late, and the moments very few before good-byes will have to be said and parting wishes expressed, most of the guests still linger; some round the piano for a last song; some round a merry game that is growing more exciting as it nears its close, while others are clustered in little groups here and there, animated or mysterious, as the subject under discussion may be. It has been a most enjoyable evening, this birthday party of the Deacon's, and although it is an event that comes round as regularly as the twelve months bring their refreshing and delightful changes, it is always looked forward to with the same joyful anticipations of pleasure, the same eager delight in merry sociability.

Cloverfield, Sparrow Brook, and Meadow Banks are all represented in its gay and festive assemblage and the young folks mostly predominate, especially in an interested group of talkers that stand just inside the wide parlor-doors. They all seem to be speaking at once, and the discussion is growing more and more animated, and the voices getting louder and louder, when the Deacon, who happens to be passing, stops suddenly and says:

"Well, girls, you seem to be enjoying yourselves, and getting deeper and deeper in some marvelous and mysterious subject. What is it all about, eh? Won't you take me into the secret?"

"O Deacon Broadbent! just the very one we want to see!" cries Rose Upton. "We are very anxious to have a 'Snipping Party' in Meadow Banks, and have been talking over the arrange-

ments. All our little schemes are complete, our plans are laid, and all we want now is your consent to make the event an enjoyable, beautiful reality."

"What kind of a party did you say?" asks the Deacon, pretending to be a little bewildered, and holding one ear meditatively, the better to catch the reply.

"A Snipping, 'Snipping Party,'" answers Maggie May, Marian Dale, and two or three others in a breath.

"Sounds as though it had something to do with scissors, don't it?" he asks, innocently.

"So it has, so it has, a great deal to do with scissors, and bundles, and strings, and—and—"

"O Rose! you are getting flighty, and confused, let me explain," interrupts Lily Vale.

"I wish, with all my heart, you would, my dear, for with so much confusion and so many *cutting* remarks, I am becoming quite bewildered and interested," and the Deacon seats himself complacently in the corner of a big sofa, while the girls group themselves comfortably around him.

"Now, then, Lily, will you be spokesman, and give me a small idea of what you mean?"

"In the first place," says Lily, a little timidly, and somewhat frightened at the dead calm of silence that has succeeded the storm, "we want you to give us the Sunday-school room—"

"Give you the Sunday-school room!" interrupts the Deacon, enjoying the situation, and looking thoroughly astonished and alarmed. "Couldn't think of such a thing for a moment, my dear!" then, seeing the looks of consternation and disappointment he has called forth, he continues, with a sudden twinkle in his eye,



"I might lend it to you for an evening—that is, if you promise to return it in as good order as you receive it, reasonable wear and tear admitted."

"Of course, that is what I mean," laughs Lily with the rest at her own blunder. "But you will be surprised when you see how beautifully we are going to change it, that you will hardly know the dear old room; for, of course, we want to make it as charming as possible—dress it up in its very best, you know—and arrange the decorations as artistically as possible. These, with the pretty little tables we expect to place in the awkward, ugly corners, and the large circular counter we need for the centre will improve it so much that we hope to take you quite by surprise. Over our centre counter we require some poles stretched across, at a little distance above our heads, and on these poles or strips we intend to fasten the ends of the strings that are to tie our bundles and packages so that they may hang invitingly, just within reach of any who are willing to pay ten cents for a snip and cut one off. The boys always help us so nicely that I feel sure that they will attend to all the difficult carpenter work for us, and see to all those little odds and ends of rough labor that come so hard on feminine fingers. Won't you, boys?" she asks, looking round, appealingly.

"Always ready to assist beauty in distress," answers Sam Marshall for the rest. "Give us your orders, and, although we are 'Jacks at all trades but masters at none,' we will try our utmost and carry them out to the best of our ability."

"Of course," Lily continues, after a round of thanks at this gallant speech, "there are several other little minor attractions besides the snipping table that we cannot talk about in public just at present, as they are to be a profound secret until the party comes off, but we promise to make it attractive and inter-

esting, more especially as we have decided to charge no admission fee but only to accept a silver offering at the door; not necessary at all to gain an entrance, but only to give those people who can afford it a chance to be generous. I do not know that I have made my explanation very clear or explicit, or at all comprehensive, but I feel sure that when you see how much money we shall make and what a very pleasant evening we shall have, you will be very glad that you trusted to our good judgment, and said yes instead of no."

"Bless your heart, my dear, I wouldn't say no for the world; for, to tell you the truth, although I do not quite understand or enter into all the feminine details of this little enterprise of yours, I rather like the idea, and am willing to trust all the accessories and suggestions into your good keeping. I am very certain that I cannot assist you in any other way, but if there is any ready money needed, any small sum of cash that you feel you would like to have, remember I'm your man," and he rises just in time to bid Deacon Narrows good-night, but does not escape the volley of thanks and joyful acclamations from his grateful audience.

Time rolls round swiftly and surely to all, to the slothful as well as to the busy, all too slowly to some, all too rapidly to others; very swiftly and on flying feet to the busy workers in Meadow Banks, but nevertheless so well and industriously have these fleeting hours been spent that at the end of two weeks all is in readiness for the "Snipping Party." The invitations, printed in dark-green on delicately tinted cards of the same color and in the shape of a leaf, are sent all over the county, and so precious have these dainty little missives become that great care has to be taken that no one is slighted or forgotten.

The exclamations of admiration and surprise as the guests begin to arrive sound bewilderingly sweet to the delighted

young workers, and well they deserve them, for the room has been transposed into a perfect bower of green.

All the available plants have been borrowed, as have also all the green drapery of any sort whatever, and these, together with numerous sheets of green tissue paper gracefully caught here and there with different shades of green ribbon give the room the appearance of an immense fairy grotto.

Even the round table in the centre has its share of soft green folds, and the odd-looking, different-sized bundles that hung so conspicuously from their high green support, and tied with the same general colored paper and string. Some of these packages, to make the idea more amusing, hang under the counter out of sight, and those who snip at these know nothing of their size or weight until they become their purchasers.

Every aid and squire wears a green badge, and the girls are further decorated with dainty white caps and green ribbons.

Miss Brightly holds up her hands in astonishment and admiration, and says to Mr. Springfield, who enters with her:

"Isn't it all lovely! I declare I never knew that green was so pretty before."

"Or that the girls could make it so becoming, or attractive, eh, Miss Sophy? Why, it is really a fairy bower, and the dear old room seems to look proudly conscious of all its gay and festive trappings. But, see, here comes Paul Upton, looking for all the world like some wandering variety store! I say, Paul," he calls out, "where in creation did you get all that interesting cargo from?"

"I snipped," replies Paul, joining them, "and behold the results! But you must snip also, everybody must snip, and if you have not tried that encouraging little game yet, allow me to conduct you to that great centre of attraction. Here, Maud, a pair of scissors, please, Mr. Springfield's fingers are fairly aching for some of these beautiful and highly

artistic articles that hang here so green and tempting. The girls have given me their word that there are no sour apples among them, so just pay your ten cents each time, snip away at your choice, and be happy."

"But the ladies first, always," answers Mr. Springfield, gallantly. "Here, Miss Sophy, will you decide on these irregular parcels that you see, or take chances on those that hang just out of sight?"

"I'll choose this one!" she exclaims, holding on to a rather square, thick-looking package, and snipping it off with a flourish. "Could anything be more fortunate!" she cries, delighted, as she opens it and finds two neatly-made iron-holders. "What did you get by going behind the scenes?" she asks, as she turns suddenly and sees him struggling with the strings of a huge parcel that Maud has brought up from the depths.

"A dish-pan, a great big dish-pan!" he laughs, as he gets it open at last. "Here, some one, tie this thing on my arm, and this, and this, and this," he cries, snipping away at random, "that I may be decorated, and parade my good fortune as well as the rest of them."

And when he has further added to his own value with a lemon squeezer, a tin horn, a feather duster, etc., he appears perfectly happy, and marches off round the room to parade his belongings and search for new attractions and surprises.

"They seem to be having lots of fun over in that corner," says Sam Marshall to Herbert Wells; "let us join them and take part in the merry war."

As they approach and peep through the small crowd of heads, they find the centre of interest to be a very pretty little Shakespeare table, artistically draped with a pale-green India scarf, in the midst of whose soft, graceful folds reposes a dainty china bowl filled with the most tempting leaves of delicate green salad.

"'Literary Salad,' ladies and gentlemen," politely invites Charlie Spauld.

"Not to eat, as you see, but only to allure the searchers after knowledge, and fashioned simply of three or four shades of green tissue paper, delicately crimped, and adjusted to represent those delicious, dewy leaves we all so love. At the end of each separate leaf," he farther explains, "is pasted a familiar quotation, and any one giving five cents, picking out a leaf and guessing the author of its quotation, is entitled to have his money refunded and keep his prize, but if on the other hand he is not so lucky and guesses the wrong name, he forfeits his nickel and takes his leaf of salad—a sadder and a wiser man. You need not be afraid the demand will exceed the supply, for I have a surplus fund in reserve in this basket and can replenish as quickly and often as necessary."

"Getting beyond your depth, Marian?" says Sam, in her ear, as he sees her look of perplexity and discerns the little pucker of frowns between her eyes.

"Oh! yes; do—do help me. With my usual luck I managed to pick out an awfully hard one. Who did write 'The wealthy, curled darlings of our nation?' You ought to know, Sam," she exclaims, smoothing out her leaf carefully and handing it to him for inspection.

"Let me see," he replies, looking wise and shutting his eyes as if in thought. "Blessed if I know, Marian." Then, as if with sudden inspiration, "Don't you think it sounds a little—a little like Carlisle?"

"Carlisle—why, of course it does. How could I be so stupid. Here, Charlie, I've guessed it—Carlisle. Give me back my five cents."

"Not so fast, Marian, not so fast. Let me consult my key first. Ah! here it is. Carlisle, did you say? Well, I'm sorry, but you are mistaken this time; he is not the man. William, English William, William Shakespeare, wrote that interesting little line."

Marian turns, shamefacedly, with a

protesting "O Sam!" but that careless prompter does not look at all abashed at his late failure, but laughingly invites her to try again; maybe she will have better luck next time.

"Oh! I wish I knew who was the author of—

'And she has grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the jewel  
That trembles at her ear!'

says Lily Vale, as she reads aloud the verse at the end of her delicate little leaf.

"Alfred Tennyson," whispers Quinton Rulon, softly.

"O dear! yes, I might have known, thank you, ever so much," she answers, with a little becoming blush. "Now I can choose another."

"These are pretty," says Miss Primington to Miss Mellowleaf, as she stands in another corner of the room, and looks at a small evergreen hung with round, green, shaking paper-balls. "How do we get these, I wonder?"

"Nothing easier," answers Will Barr, as he hands her a miniature bow and arrow, whose end is further elongated with a long brass pin. "For ten cents, we let you take your choice and shoot, and the ball in which the arrow remains is yours. Why, I had no idea you were such an archer!" he exclaims, as Miss Primington aims at, and hits the very highest ball of all.

Maggie May occupies a very conspicuous and attractive corner, formed to represent a green bower, where she sells diminutive pin-cushions and needle books. Most of these are in the form of vegetables—turnips, in white silk, tinted and colored to nature, long, red radishes, fashioned in the same way, and made to look almost good enough to bite into and eat; and prettiest of all, dainty little pea-pod pin-cushions, stuffed to complete ripeness, and seeming to be almost bursting with their full-grown contents. Some of these

are tied singly, with delicate green ribbons, others are in bunches of twos and threes, and all are as dainty and tempting as possible.

"Here's a table that I like as well, if not better, than any in the room!" exclaims Deacon Broadbent, as beaming with good humor he escorts half a dozen girls to the refreshment corner. "Everything green here as well as elsewhere," he laughs, "green candles and shades, green paper napkins, green ferns, and green grapes. I am only glad you did not carry it as far as far as the ice-cream and cakes, and have them green, also. But as long as you were magnanimous, and left us to choose the color of our re-

freshments, here's a toast for you, girls!" he cries, lifting his glass of sparkling water. "Here's health and long life to 'The Young People's Working Association' of Meadow Banks, with best wishes for many happy returns of this green, fertile, and most agreeable evening. May the Association grow in members, grow in power, and grow in good deeds of hospitality, of which this 'Snipping Party' may be only a foretaste and forerunner of all the merry profitable evenings we shall spend together in future. We thank you for this generous help and delightful entertainment, and wish you 'God speed,' and good results in each and every undertaking."

L. S. L.

**ENEMIES.** To have an enemy is also to have an opportunity for generous and magnanimous conduct. To dwell upon his better side rather than his worse, to praise his virtues instead of proclaiming his vices, to rejoice at his good fortune and to help him in his hour of need, is more noble than any sacrifice, however great, that could be rendered to a friend. It is true this is difficult; but so is every kind of self-development worthy the name. Even the art of living with family and friends in the best and most fruitful way is not an easy one, much less the art of dealing with enemies in such a way as to educe good out of evil. Yet he who will learn this art and follow out its teachings will soon be left without an enemy, for he will have turned them into friends; while at the same time he will have reaped from their enmity such beneficent results to his own character as even the warmest friendship can never confer.

**THE HORSE-CHESTNUT.** Horse-chestnuts are sometimes boiled to extract the bitter taste, and given to poultry.

The dried nuts are made into coarse flour, from which is made paste used by bookbinders and pasteboard manufacturers, the bitterness of this paste preventing the attack of insects. The bitterness may be removed from the flour by working it with water. In France the water in which the nuts are boiled is used for bleaching hemp, flax, and various other fibres. From the skin of the nut a charcoal is made which forms the base of different kinds of printing inks. Tannin is found in all parts of the tree, leaves, bark, and fruit, and the ashes of the burned nuts contain seventy-five per cent. of potash—a fatty matter used in making soap—while a yellow coloring matter which serves for various purposes of dyeing is extracted from the horse-chestnut in France.

MAMMA, to Flossie, who has been lunching with a little friend: "I hope you were very polite, Flossie, at table, and said 'Yes, please,' and 'No, thank you'?" Flossie: "Well, I didn't say 'No, thank you,' because, you see, mamma, I took everything."



## A MAN'S SIDE OF THE BATTLE.

BY

ISADORE ROGERS.

### CHAPTER VI.

THE full horror of the situation was only too apparent. Alone, with a tempting sum of money in his possession, and a lawless band already concealed in the pass awaiting his coming, who could rob and murder him, and escape into the lawless regions of New Mexico before he would even be missed.

The cold perspiration started upon his forehead, and he stood looking helplessly at the girl, as if she, a lonely exile in this dreary region, could advise him what to do.

"Senor," she said, resolutely, "turn your horse loose, take your saddle upon your shoulders, hand me your valise, and follow me."

In a moment he had dismounted, and loosening the saddle, as directed, he submitted to her guidance without a protest.

Leaving the main trail, she proceeded northward for a mile or more, keeping under cover of the mountain pines until they came to a most rugged path worn by the herds which come down from the mountains to the water. She led the way through a more circuitous route, through a narrow gorge where the path was too perilous to proceed on horseback. She scaled dangerous projections like a mountain gazelle, as fearlessly as she would have trod upon the level ground.

"Be careful, child, the way is dangerous," he said, warningly, as she sprang upon a shelving rock where a false step would have precipitated her hundreds of feet below.

"Senor," she said, solemnly, "I have climbed these rocks when I almost

hoped they would give way beneath my feet; it would not have been suicide, then, but I feared that should I end my own life, I might be compelled to wander here through all the ages of eternity. I saved my life only because I feared the future."

"Poor child, if my life is spared, you shall be delivered from this place," he said, briefly.

"How came you to know so much of my affairs?" he asked, at length.

"Gonzalez came last night, and I knew that there was some unholy deed to be done, and when, after dark, Marguerite sent me to the spring to bring water, I went round by the building where half a dozen of them were talking, and listened. I learned that you were to be waylaid and robbed in that gloomy cañon, and, Senor, I could not sleep through all the long and anxious night, and ever since the morning's light I have been watching for your coming."

"What will become of you if they discover the part that you have taken in this affair?" he asked, apprehensively.

"They will not discover it, Senor. Marguerite knows that I fear Gonzalez, and that I always go away and hide myself when he comes, and she never chides me for it, so that when I return there will be no questions asked. I believe that for some reason of her own, she would rather that Gonzalez should not see me, so there is no danger from that source, and from early morning until a short time before you come, I have been secreted far up on one of these heights in one of the crevices from whence I could watch the proceedings of the lawless band. Not more than



two hours ago, I saw six of them enter that cañon, just as they had planned last night, and I have scarcely taken my eyes from the entrance on this side since then, so that I know that they are all there yet, and they will watch for you till dark."

"Wonderful girl! What can I ever do to repay you for the watchful vigilance, that has, at least, given me a chance for life?" he said, with a sense of overwhelming obligation which never could be repaid.

"Don't forget me, and leave me to despair in this dreadful place when you are once safely out of it," she said, entreatingly.

"If I do, may I be returned to the lawless band from whom you have rescued me," he said, emphatically.

After traversing about two miles of this dangerous pathway, which she had discovered by following the goats when they went to water, they emerged upon one of those places which the Mexicans call a *mesa*. It was simply a shelving projection upon the mountain side, comprising about a quarter of an acre.

A herd of goats was leisurely cropping the herbage, and a beautiful bay horse raised its head with a neigh of recognition as the girl approached.

"Now, Senor, put your saddle upon this animal, and I will go with you until we reach the trail upon the western side of the Mexican habitations."

She led the horse down a precipitous path, so steep in places that he sometimes wondered how the animal could make the descent, but at length she paused, saying:

"Here is the trail, and now, Senor, ride for your life, but just before you reach the place where you can get another horse turn this one loose and he will return to me. Take your saddle upon your own back again and explain to the men that you have lost your horse and wish to hire another."

The thought of leaving her to return

to that rendezvous of desperadoes was appalling, but he could not take her with him.

"I will meet you at this place upon your return, Senor, and your horse will be in readiness upon the other side of the cañon," she said, "and now lose no time in putting as great a distance between yourself and the outlaws as possible."

Assuring her of his everlasting gratitude, he bade her good-bye and endeavored to do her bidding, although very rapid riding over such a rugged pathway was out of the question.

Ten miles farther on he and his guide had changed horses at another Mexican settlement, and he made every exertion to reach this place before dark.

When within a mile of this spot he turned the horse loose as directed, but instead of going to any of the buildings for shelter he turned aside from the trail and found a resting-place under the mountain pines until morning. Then, with the first gleam of daylight, he resumed his journey, and having successfully eluded the first danger, finally reached his destination and exchanged the troublesome money for the deed of the property previously mentioned and then retired to rest, after the fatiguing journey, with a mind relieved from fear of robbery at least.

Without waiting to rest for a single day he set out upon his return early on the following morning. He had but little apprehension for his personal safety this time, for he felt satisfied that whoever it was who knew so much about his affairs would also know that he had left the money in payment for his purchase and consider it hardly worth their while to molest him.

He resolved that he would not leave the girl to grow heart-weary in looking for aid that, after all, might never come, for he well knew that if there was no money connected with her rescue it might be long delayed, for very frequently in this world it happens that those who have

the inclination to help the friendless have not the means, and it quite as frequently happens that those who have the means are too completely absorbed in their own selfish affairs to take any active interest in the welfare of one who will be of no pecuniary benefit to them. So, when here was one who had both means and inclination and was under an overwhelming sense of obligation besides there was no need of further delay.

A few more days and he would be ready to start homeward.

How joyful seemed the thought. All the dangerous and troublesome missions successfully accomplished, and himself once more in the cherished precincts of his own home!

He wondered if little Eva had fully recovered her former healthy appearance in the old country homestead, and if his wife would not have a warmer greeting for him and even a feeling of genuine sympathy when she learned of the perils through which he had passed.

"I pity the man who has no wife and child to welcome him," he soliloquized. "He loses half the joy of living who lives unloved and alone."

Then came a thought of the formal, well-bred greeting which he would probably receive from his wife instead of the warm-hearted, impulsive welcome which he would have desired, and he could not repress a sigh as he realized that the vacancy that had always been in his heart was not filled by her love as he had fondly hoped that it would be.

"But the little one—there will be no half-heartedness in her welcome," he said, almost exultingly. "I hope and pray that no serious illness has befallen her in my absence, for my life would be of little worth without her."

He was nearing the place where Leonora Costello was to meet him and conduct him through to the opposite side of the Corydon pass, for he did not intend to let the lawless band know of his prox-

imity to their *rendezvous*. Suddenly a whizzing sound was heard in the air above his head and an instant later a lariat had descended with an aim as unerring as a rifle shot, and by a sudden jerk the rope was tightened around him, pinioning his arms to his sides before he had a moment's warning for self-defense. He was dragged from his horse and surrounded by half-a-dozen Mexicans and half-breeds, who stood round him talking excitedly in an unintelligible language.

"What do you want?" he demanded, angrily. "What do you mean by such treatment as this?"

"We want money, *Senor*," said one of the men in broken English.

"I have paid the money that I took with me for property in San Luis Valley. You are too late."

They began to search his pockets, talking and gesticulating violently all the time.

They took his watch and pocket-book, which contained only a small sum of money, and at this moment a villainous-looking white man approached and began to talk in Spanish with the others.

"They have taken my watch and pocket-book; now permit me to resume my journey without further molestation," said Mr. Bradford, appealing to the white man, who appeared to be treated deferentially by the others.

"It is not enough," replied the man, gruffly.

"How can you get more than I have?" questioned the prisoner.

"We will keep you till you do get it," replied the fellow, decisively.

"How can I get more if you do not let me go?" he asked.

"We will attend to that; give yourself no uneasiness upon that account," replied the villain, and, turning to the others, he addressed them in their own language, whereupon they proceeded to bind his hands securely.

"These men will take care of you; follow them," commanded the leader, and

turning from the main trail they compelled him to climb by a rugged path far up the mountain side, where the way was so steep that only by winding around the sides could they make the ascent. At length they paused upon the brink of a perpendicular wall. About twenty-five feet below was one of those shelving projections common among the Rockies, and taking a rope ladder from its place of concealment in a crevice in the rock, they fastened it securely to a tree that had found firm footing even at that altitude, and by it one of the men descended to the projection.

They untied their prisoner's hands and motioned him to follow.

He refused, and pointing their revolvers at him threateningly, they made him understand that he must descend or do worse, and very much against his will he made the descent.

He found himself upon a ledge of shelving rock, at least one hundred feet in width, with twenty-five feet of perpendicular wall above, and an awful abyss below.

Nothing but the wing of the wild bird had ever reached this spot, save men by ladders from above, for not even the mountain goat or native antelope had ever made the ascent.

A deep fissure in the side of the mountain revealed the entrance to a cave, and by signs the men intimated that he could enter this apartment, and then began to ascend the ladder.

Mr. Bradford attempted to follow, but with a loaded revolver pointed at his head the man ordered him back.

He stood for a few moments contemplating his awful situation, then, by the light of the sinking sun, proceeded to examine the crevice beyond. It was an extensive underground apartment, and bore evidence of having been previously occupied. Blankets were scattered about, a few benches, and a rough table, upon which lay a pack of cards beside an empty

bottle, revealed the fact that he was not the first occupant.

The place was gloomy beyond description, and after a momentary survey, the prisoner returned to the open air, and stood contemplating his situation with a sinking heart. Alone, hundreds of miles from home and friends, in the power of a gang of reckless outlaws, who would not hesitate to commit murder if their own gain required it, and every avenue of escape cut off as if the grave had actually closed over him. And he had risked and incurred all this that wife and child might enjoy still greater luxury, and be still further removed from the possibility of poverty and care!

The sun went down behind the mountain heights, casting weird shadows over the scene, and the stars came out one by one, and seemed to look down with a calm, cold, unsympathizing light, and as the darkness deepened, and the dismal howl of the coyote echoed among the towering cliffs, the heart of the strong man gave way to despair.

"O Geraldine!" he groaned, "could you see me now, surely even your icy heart would melt in sympathy for my distress. The gloomy presentiment that I should never see wife and child again seems about to be realized."

He leaned against the cold, stern rock, too much overcome to stand alone.

No story of romance that he had ever read in his boyhood's days had conveyed to his imagination a scene so fearful as the present reality. The hours dragged slowly by like ages, and at length, chilled and numbed by the mountain air, he sought the shelter of the cave.

"If I am so completely overcome, what must have been the sufferings of that poor child who has been detained in that dismal place without one word from the outside world for two long and lonely years, and who, this very night, was expecting me to come to her deliverance?" he soliloquized at length, as his mind grew

more quiet, and he could think with a greater degree of calmness.

And where was Geraldine at that very hour? Whirling to the intoxicating music of the waltz, or listening to the artful flatteries of her admirers, happy in the consciousness of her own importance and power.

All day long a girlish figure had flitted about among the rocks and glens, not knowing at what hour her expected deliverer might emerge from among the recesses into the trail leading to the spot where she had parted from him.

As the sun began to decline in the western sky, she climbed to a lofty cliff for a better outlook, and sat, casting long and anxious glances in the direction from which she was expecting him, but the sun sank lower and lower in the heavens, and the mountain shadows were deepening into twilight, when, with a deep-drawn sigh she descended, and drove the flock which she was herding to the corral, then reluctantly repaired to the adobe building where Marguerite was awaiting her.

With the first rays of the morning she arose and hastily performing the tasks which the old Mexican woman imposed upon her, she turned the flock from the corral, and drove them toward the place from which she had watched on the previous day, and resumed her outlook with eagerness and anxiety constantly increasing, as hour after hour went slowly by, without any signs of the coming of him whom she was so anxiously expecting.

Another day of weary, apprehensive watching and doubting, and, disappointed, she returned to Marguerite as before, to await the coming of day to resume again her weary vigil. But when, upon the third day, the deepening shadows gave indications of approaching nightfall, and still no trace of her expected deliverer, she threw herself upon the ground and wept and moaned in a paroxysm of despair.

The wayward breezes came fitting down from the mountain-side and lifted the tangled tresses caressingly, as if angel hands would fain bring comfort and consolation to the aching heart, and the flock gathered round her, touching her throbbing temples as if in dumb pity for her misery; but unheeding everything except that she was left alone with the darkness of the future only deepened by the transient ray of hope that had fallen across it, she lay sobbing in her despair.

"Alone, alone, deserted and forgotten," she moaned. "If he has gone and left me to miserable and hopeless existence, without one friend or companion to beguile the dreadful loneliness and monotony of the days drifting into long weary years, there is no hope that any one in Denver will ever take the trouble to search for a poor and friendless girl, and here I must remain with mind, heart, and soul wasting away, and all my better self drifting into deep and lasting degradation. O Father in Heaven! since every earthly hope is gone, why will you not summon me to the unknown regions of that mystic shore?"

Exhausted at length, the wild wail of grief gave place to the dreadful calmness of despair, and with the mountain shadows deepening into gloomy darkness around her, she arose and followed the flock to their accustomed corral.

She entered the hut where Marguerite resided, and without tasting the supper which the old woman had left for her, she threw herself upon the bed, hoping to escape observation, but the woman caught a glimpse of the white face by the flickering fire of pine knots which burned upon the hearth, and immediately prepared a wooden bowl full of bitter tea made from nauseous herbs and compelled her to drink it.

Finding that the girl made no complaint, Marguerite finally retired to her own bed, while Leonora lay silently trying to convince herself that there was some



reason other than faithlessness to his promise that had prevented the traveler from coming.

"He said that he would *surely* come if his life was spared," she soliloquized. "It may be that he has been waylaid and murdered upon the way."

A cold thrill of horror ran through every nerve, and tremblingly she arose and nestled down by the side of the old Mexican woman, as if the presence of any human being was desirable in the agony of that dreadful thought.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE fashionable season was over, and the gay assembly had separated and returned to their respective homes.

Mrs. Bradford had regretfully bidden adieu to her gay associates, and Mr. Wellington had again and again expressed his regret at parting, and assured her that her presence was the greatest attraction that the place possessed through all that festive season, and requested her if trouble ever came upon her, to allow him the sacred privilege of coming to her aid.

She saw no cloud in the horizon to indicate the probability of such an event, but finally gave him the assurance that if the time ever came when he could be of service to her, she would unhesitatingly summon him.

Little Eva was brought from the country looking so healthy and ruddy that even her mother gave utterance to an expression of surprise when she first beheld her.

"Eben will surely be satisfied now, and not annoy me continually with apprehensions upon her account. She looks even more healthy than she did previous to that dreadful illness, and there will be no occasion to demand extra care and self-denial from me on account of her delicate health," she said, as the child stood before her, the very picture of rosy childhood.

"Has papa come?" she asked, eagerly, as she stepped from the carriage and ran along the walk leading to the house.

"No, dear, but we expect him shortly," replied the mother, gazing proudly upon the beautiful child, who was lovely enough to gratify any woman's pride, and to inspire affection in any human heart in which it might be lingering.

"Will papa come to-day?" she asked every morning, when first she opened her eyes.

"I think so, dear," the mother would reply, and day after day the little one watched in vain for his coming.

The days drifted by, but still no tidings came, and expectation changed to apprehension. Not only his own family but members of the Company began to grow anxious.

After consulting among themselves they sent a telegram to Denver to elicit any information that might relieve their anxiety, but were only able to learn that he had taken the money and left Denver about the time that he had intended.

Not wishing to alarm his wife unnecessarily, they put a detective upon his track without consulting her, and in due time the following paragraph found its way into the papers:

### "MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

"The community has been thrown into a state of excitement and apprehension by the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Eben Bradford, a well-known and respected citizen of this place.

"Detectives from Denver have been investigating the matter, and have ascertained that he reached his destination safely, paid the money which he was known to have in his possession for property as he had intended, and started to return to Denver, after which no further trace can be obtained. The affair is shrouded in mystery, and the gravest apprehensions are entertained. While hoping for the best, his friends realize



that there is but little doubt of foul play."

The paper found its way to Mrs. Bradford, who had already begun to suspect that some evil had befallen her husband, and cold and indifferent as she was, she could not repress a terrible feeling of fear and distress, as the full significance of his absence dawned upon her. There was some dread mystery, and it seemed terrible to contemplate it.

She did not give vent to her feelings in violent paroxysms of tears, but white and terror-stricken she moved listlessly about the house, starting at every sound, and trembling at every unusual demonstration, and hushing little Eva's eager inquiries for her papa with a sickening fear.

A longing for help and counsel came over her, and she determined to telegraph for his uncle and Cousin John, in whose wisdom and sympathy she knew she could rely, although she knew that their dress and style might not compare favorably with that of other gentlemen who might happen to call. She wrote the message and was about to summon a servant to carry it to the office when there was a ring at the door, and a servant informed her that a gentleman wished to see her.

She descended to the parlor, and there stood Mr. Hannibal Wellington.

He was a most unexpected visitor, for she supposed him to be hundreds of miles away.

Her astonishment was so great that for a moment she could not utter a word, but he advanced and, extending his hand, said, with a most sympathetic expression of voice and manner:

"My dear friend, I heard of your great trouble, and I could not rest until I had come to offer you all the aid and consolation in my power."

For the first time Mrs. Bradford's feelings found relief in tears. She was really distressed, and the proffered aid and sym-

pathy coming from one whom she had every reason to believe was deeply interested in her welfare, awoke a responsive echo in her heart.

Although she might, at one time, have been willing enough to have been free to become a countess, the thought of actual murder was too horrifying to be calmly contemplated.

He soothed and comforted her, however, and when her calmness was somewhat restored, he explained that although tears were but natural in the presence of so great a calamity, prompt and business-like action would be far more to the purpose.

"Let us take the most practical view of the matter that your agitation will permit," he said, "and perhaps some suggestion of mine may be of use to you."

There was something so wise and practical in his manner that, with a woman's natural confidence in a man's superior wisdom and ability in the presence of any great calamity, her confidence was fully inspired, and she already felt helped and strengthened by his presence.

"Have you made any extra exertions toward obtaining a clue to the mystery, such as offering a tempting reward for any information leading to your husband's discovery?" he asked.

"I know not what the other members of the firm have done, and I have been too completely unnerved, too greatly agitated to think, too much bewildered to realize that there was anything that I could do. I did not even know that the gentlemen with whom he is connected in business were alarmed until I saw the paper this morning," she said.

"It was very kind and considerate in them to seek to solve the mystery without distressing you with their unpleasant forebodings," he said, "but the time has come when the serious aspect of the matter can no longer be withheld from you, and the excitement of doing something yourself will be a relief to the exhausting

anxiety which will otherwise consume you."

"What would you suggest? Oh! tell me what I can do?" she asked, eagerly.

"I will try to explain, to the best of my ability, the situation as it appears to me," he said, calmly. "I have had some experience in that locality, and the proximity to the wild and unorganized territory affords a place of refuge to outlaws which makes crimes easy, which would be impossible in a civilized community like this, for desperate men may commit crimes and escape into regions where officers dare not follow. The fact that he had safely accomplished his mission and disposed of his money without being robbed of it is an indication that he has not been murdered for it. From my knowledge of the territorial outlaws and a careful study of the circumstances connected with his disappearance, I am led to believe that he has been made the victim of some gang of outlaws who are holding him as a prisoner for the sake of a ransom. If a tempting sum were offered for information concerning him, it might induce some member of the band to give information which would lead to his restoration. In case that the offered reward did not produce the desired result, the money would not be forfeited, and in either case you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you had done all in your power, and the entire community would sympathize with and commend the energy of your exertions. Of course, they all know that you are overwhelmed with grief and apprehension, and they cannot help admiring the strength of character which impels you to rise above the depression and consequent inaction which would completely overcome a less heroic woman, and take active measures yourself."

Every word seemed so wise and logical that he already appeared like a counselor who could easily lead her to a solution of all her difficulties.

"You are so very kind and thoughtful; how can I ever repay you?" she said, gratefully.

"The knowledge that I have been able to serve a friend in distress is ample compensation," he answered, indifferently; "there is a much more important question to be solved."

"What sum would you advise me to offer?" she asked. "I am anxious to take active measures at the earliest possible moment."

"Your energetic promptness is admirable," he answered. "You consult with the members of the firm, and learn what sum they are willing to appropriate, probably fifteen or twenty thousand will answer the purpose. A small amount would be useless. And if I were you, I would not mention that the idea was suggested to you; envious people, jealous of the admiration which your energetic conduct inspires, might not give you the credit that you really deserve, for nothing but your overwhelming grief prevented you from thinking of it in the first place."

"You are so unselfish, so very kind and considerate," she exclaimed, impulsively.

"I deserve no credit whatever," said Mr. Wellington, quietly, speaking the truth for the first time during the conversation. "I am merely doing my duty by assisting a friend in distress, whom I hold in the highest esteem. It is a privilege to be permitted to assist you. I have merely made the suggestion, it now remains for you to put the plan into prompt and active execution, for it seems to me to be the wisest course."

He had led her, seemingly, in an unconscious manner to believe that this measure would result in her own exaltation in public opinion, and since she really did desire to fathom the mystery of her husband's disappearance, although the idea had not taken definite expression even in her own mind, he had placed it

before her in such a way that she might accomplish two very desirable objects at the same time, and he planned and suggested all the details, which met her hearty approval, and a very short time after his departure found her in the office of the senior member of the firm making arrangements about offering the reward.

But that very practical and business-like gentleman thought twenty thousand dollars, or even fifteen thousand altogether too large a sum. It was very natural and womanlike, to be sure, but then women had but very little idea of business, or the value of money, and in his opinion five thousand was plenty; in fact, he had but very little faith in the efficacy of the proceeding, but, if it was any consolation or satisfaction to her, the firm would make that appropriation at their own expense, but they had no control over any of Mr. Bradford's private funds, and upon due investigation of the matter, Mrs. Bradford found herself in the same situation.

Mr. Wellington called in the evening to learn the result of her interview, and insinuated that the conduct of the business gentleman bordered upon parsimony, and thought that so small a sum would scarcely tempt an outlaw to betray his comrades, if such should prove to be the condition of affairs.

At which Mrs. Bradford, realizing her helplessness, burst into tears, and proposed to add five thousand from her own private fund, which, after her lavish expenditures of the past season, was all she could command.

Satisfied that this was the best that she could do, Mr. Wellington decided that thus increased by her own unselfish generosity it might accomplish the desired result, and assured her of his intentions to give the matter his personal attention, and leave nothing undone which had the slightest promise of restoring her husband to his family. He kindly undertook

the responsibility of seeing the offered reward published in a prominent newspaper.

This done he bade her a most kind and brotherly farewell, and left the city, promising to confer with her upon the first occasion of obtaining any reliable information.

In an obscure part of the city of Denver, in a locality both repulsive and unsafe for any respectable member of society, two men might have been seen ascending a stairway in a tenement house of unenviable reputation.

The evening was damp, and they wore long oilcloth coats, such as cowboys wear for protection against inclement weather, and the broad-brimmed hats slouched down, nearly concealing their faces as they climbed the creaking stairway, and passed along the hall, while curious faces of neglected children and repulsive-looking women peered curiously out from doorways of various apartments.

At length they entered a dingy little room in the upper story, lighted by a dim skylight which was so covered by the accumulation of dust as scarcely to admit the feeble rays which struggled through at noonday.

One of the men immediately lighted a lamp, and proceeded to divest himself of his overcoat with the air of one who feels perfectly at home, while the other glanced searchingly around as if not altogether satisfied with the character of the place.

Vile oaths from adjoining rooms, and the sound of noisy altercations fell discordantly upon the ear, and everything connected with the place indicated that it was inhabited by the lower strata of wretched humanity.

The appearance of the room was squalid and dreary. Two chairs, a board table, a lamp, an old stove, and a rude bed comprised the furniture, and the bare walls were hung with dusty spider-webs that might have been accumulating for

ages, for aught in the appearance to indicate anything to the contrary.

"What's the matter, Simpkins? take off your overcoat and make yourself at home," said the one who was apparently acting the part of host.

"I never felt a greater desire to be at home in my life," replied the other, with a nervous start, as there came a shriek, an oath, and a sound as if some one had been forcibly kicked down-stairs. "What was that?" he asked.

"Oh! nothing uncommon. Teddy O'Rourke is taking a bit of a spree, and probably himself and wife are having a discussion over the division of the whisky, and if she came down-stairs this time, it will be his turn next; so you see that matters are equally balanced in a well-regulated house like this, but I never meddle with the affairs of my neighbors, and, in fact, it wouldn't be absolutely safe. Perhaps you imagine that our society would not be congenial?"

"It isn't quite like the parlors at Long Branch, I must admit, but let us proceed to business, for I can rest better at lodgings of my own choosing. You are sure that the man is safely confined, you say?"

"Just as safe as if he were in his grave—in fact, there is no other escape for him without our consent," replied the first speaker.

"Well, there is some money in it, but not as much as I had anticipated. There will only be five thousand apiece. It would have been more, had it not been for the shrewdness of the senior member of the firm. The woman would willingly have given twenty thousand, but the funds were not within her reach, and when I had keen, business-like men with whom to deal, it was a different matter," said the man, whom the reader has already recognized as Mr. Hannibal Wellington, and his partner, as the Italian, Gonzalez.

"How would the woman be situated in regard to finances if he should never return?" asked the Italian.

"I think from what I could learn from the conversations which I heard in various places, where his disappearance was the absorbing topic, that she will be in possession of quite a fortune, independent of what the child will inherit; for, it seems that he had a presentiment that he should never return, and arranged his business matters in such a way as to provide amply for both in case of such an event, although, of course, none know the provisions of the will."

"If that is the case, there would probably be more money in it for us if he should never return, for, when the woman comes into full and undisputed possession, you might obtain it all."

"I have had that subject under consideration myself, but if it should be necessary for me to tangle myself up in a matrimonial engagement, you would not still consider yourself entitled to an equal share of the profits?" asked the man called Simpkins.

"That depends upon my share of the work. So far, your part has been nothing but a holiday, while all the risk and trouble have been mine," replied the Italian.

"By the way, what was it about a white girl that he found in a Mexican family while on his way to the valley? was that same little business transaction of your own?" asked the partner, suddenly recollecting it.

"*Imps of darkness!*" exclaimed the Italian, excitedly. "Has he made that discovery? I never thought of the guide's taking him there when I sent him across the range."

"What does it mean?" questioned his partner.

"It means that she stood in the way of a couple of women who wanted the fortune that she inherited in her natural right, and they hired me to get her out of the way. I took her under pretense of going to California to her mother's relatives, and left her where this man found her, and

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when, a few months later they received letters from San Francisco informing them of her death, I received a handsome sum of money, but women are short-sighted in business matters. I shall keep the girl where she is until she arrives at an age that I can make her my wife, and return and claim the property in her name, but if the man Bradford knows anything about her, it will never do to set him at liberty again. It would not only frustrate all my plans, but endanger my safety."

"And did you intend to share your wife's fortune with me?" asked his partner.

"What part have you taken in obtaining it?" asked the Italian. "I suppose you base your inquiry upon the supposition that my refusal to divide with you will release you from any obligation to share with me, in case of your success, but if I remove this man from your pathway, I shall be entitled to no small sum, I can assure you," replied the Italian.

"And yet, by your own confession, he is in your way quite as much as in mine; you have been doing a little business upon your own account, it seems, without taking into consideration the fact that you had a partner with whom you were in honor bound to share," said his companion.

"*Honor!* that seems like a strange word to mention in connection with a business like ours!" said the Italian, ironically.

"And yet you must acknowledge that transactions like ours are entirely dependent upon the old adage of '*Honor among thieves*,' since there is no law to bind us," replied his partner.

"Here is law and order, too," answered the Italian, drawing a heavy navy revolver from his pocket, and displaying it before the eyes of his visitor with such a cold-blooded, fiendish expression that the man was fully convinced that a human life would be of very little consequence to

him, if it interfered with any of his plans.

The weapon, taken in connection with the time, place, and surroundings, produced an unpleasant sensation in the mind of the visitor, but, with an effort to conceal his increasing nervousness, he said:

"We understand each other, and with me time is too precious to waste in useless discussions; let us proceed to business immediately."

He began to realize that, deep-dyed villain though he was, this man would adopt desperate measures at which his finer nature would instinctively recoil, but although he might need the service of just such a man in the present case, he immediately resolved that when this business was brought to a successful termination, thenceforward to sever all connection with a man whom he was beginning to fear.

"In the first place, what disposal do you propose to make of the man Bradford?" he asked.

"That is my affair. It is enough for you to know that he is out of your way, without being too particular about ways and means," replied the Italian, surlily.

"And the girl?"

"That is my affair, too," answered the Italian in the same ill-humor.

There was but one way in which to conciliate him, and that was to agree upon a stipulated sum which he was to receive in compensation for his work, and after some discussion the business was concluded.

And all this time the prisoner has been languishing in helpless confinement, tormented by constant longings for home and friends, and tortured by dreadful forebodings of the future.

What must his family think of his long delay? Would the members of the firm imagine that he had absconded with the money, and put detectives upon his track? If they only would! But what

possible hope would there be of finding him in that wild and unapproachable spot if they did?

What was the object of his detention, and what disposition did they intend to make of him in the future? Had they discovered the part that the girl had taken in thwarting their first plans concerning him, and wreaked their vengeance upon her?

Such were the thoughts that haunted him day and night, but no word from the outside world came to aid in the solution of any of these problems, and as day after day dragged by in dreary, hopeless monotony, his heart sank to the very depths of despair.

Every morning one of the men whom he had seen at the settlement came with coarse food enough to last until the following day, but he could not or would not speak English, and he left him without a word.

One day he was restlessly pacing back and forth upon the shelving projection in front of the cave, sometimes almost tempted to throw himself over the appalling abyss below, when his attention was attracted by a small white object fluttering in the air far above his head. It looked like a letter, but surely it could not be.

As it came nearer he saw that it was suspended by a thread. It was swayed back and forth by the mountain breeze, and with an intense and excited interest he watched the descent, almost trembling in anxious fear lest the thread should be broken by contact with the sharp edges of the rocks, and the missive, if such it were, be borne over the precipice by unfavorable winds. But it came within his reach at last, and with a trembling eagerness he seized it, and read, "Is there any human being imprisoned here? and if so, who is it?"

With a hand trembling so violently that he could scarcely trace the letters, he wrote:

"I am Eben Bradford. In Heaven's name help me to escape."

The paper was drawn to the top of the precipice, and in a few moments another was seen descending. Again he seized the missive with the same intense excitement and read, "I will return in half an hour."

He leaned against the wall for support. The thought that there might be help at hand almost overcome him in his weakened state.

The minutes went by in torturing suspense, during which his mind vibrated between the new hope and the fear that it might be an illusion of his tortured brain, but before the expiration of the half-hour the rope ladder was lowered, and, trembling in his eagerness, he began the ascent. He reached the top at last, and there, waiting in anxious expectation, stood Leonora Costello.

"*Angel of mercy*, have you rescued me a second time?" he asked, seizing her hands in an emotion of gratitude, while the tears rained down his wasted cheeks.

"I hope so, Senor," she said, tremulously; "but now it is your turn to rescue me."

She loosened the ladder from its fastenings and threw it over the precipice.

"Follow me, Senor," she said, and turned to go down along a winding trail which led to the foot of the mountain, thence through a narrow defile until they came to a little glade upon the eastern side of that terrible pass. "Now, Senor, your safest course will be to proceed directly to Denver with all possible speed."

"I will not go without you," he said, decisively. "But how shall we go? do you know anything of the horse that I left when you rescued me from my danger upon that other occasion?"

"Yes, Senor, I have watched and petted him ever since you went away, and if you will take me with you, I will bring the

pony that I sometimes ride when I tend the flocks," she answered, eagerly.

"Most certainly I will take you. I should deserve death if I could consent to leave you," he said, earnestly.

"Then, Senor, remain here until I return. I must get your saddle, which one of the men brought one day and left in one of the buildings at the settlement."

"But you may be discovered," he said, apprehensively.

"No, Senor, there is no danger to-day. I will tell you all about it when we are fairly upon the way."

She went away, leaving him in a state of nervous dread and anxiety. "I have not even a revolver for self-defense," he soliloquized, "and the cliffs and cañons may be alive with desperadoes for aught that I know. Will that girl return in safety? shall I, indeed, escape and see the face of wife and child once more?"

He waited with nervous impatience, but she came at last. She was riding a beautiful pony and leading his own animal, which was already saddled and ready for the journey.

"Brave and courageous girl," he said, as he sprang upon the horse; "if I only had some weapon of self-defense, we would die rather than be overtaken, or at least I should sell my life as dearly as possible."

"Look in the saddle pockets, Senor," she answered. He did so, and found two loaded revolvers and a quantity of ammunition. "I am equally well provided," she said, taking a couple of similar weapons from her own saddle pockets. "I share the determination never to return," she continued, replacing the weapons, but he rode, with a revolver in his hand, ready for instant use if occasion required it.

She led the way in silence for several miles, then said, "Now, Senor, you must take the lead, for here my knowledge of the trail ends."

Carefully looking about, he found a mark upon a rock that he had placed

there when he returned to Denver upon the occasion of his first journey, and the way was plain to him then.

"Now, tell me how you came to find me," he said, after riding some distance in silence.

"I watched for your coming until I grew weary and despairing, and when you came not I feared that you had gone by some other way, but I could hardly believe that very long, and the more terrible fear that you had been murdered crept over my mind. You do not know what I suffered through the long, lonely nights when that awful thought banished sleep and filled every hour with dread. At length I noticed that every morning one of the men came and carried away food. I thought that there was a herdsman somewhere in the glens whom they were supplying, and I was too much distressed to care what they did, and made no inquiry.

"One day I found your saddle in the adobe building where they keep their blankets, saddles, bridles, and weapons and ammunition. Then I knew that something had happened to you, and remembered your promise to return if your life was spared, and I believed that it had not been spared.

"Last night Gonzalez came. How I trembled with fear when I beheld him! After dark the men all went to the building where they meet for consultation, and, much as I feared to know the truth, I determined to try to learn if his coming had any connection with your fate. I crept stealthily under the window and listened. I learned that you were a prisoner somewhere in the mountain recesses, and that all the men were going away this morning to make a descent upon a herd of cattle that have been grazing in the northern part of New Mexico. They are to be stampeded to-night, and as many as can be driven away in the general confusion will be stolen and driven southward, where they will be received by an-

other gang of thieves and sold to unscrupulous dealers. This would require three days, then the men from this place were to be relieved by others, and upon their return Gonzalez was to inform them what disposition to make of you.

"Senor, I was so much agitated by this information that I could scarcely get away from the spot. At one time I really feared that I should lose my consciousness entirely, but I managed to creep cautiously back to my bed, but not to sleep. With the first dawn of day, I stole from the house, and concealed myself near the spot where the man had disappeared behind the rocks with your food, and when he came I followed him. I saw him go to a crevice in the rocks and take from it the ladder of ropes. Then he went on for quite a distance, and under the cover of the mountain pines I followed and watched. I saw him fasten the ladder to the tree that grows at the top of the precipice, and descend with your food. I waited until he came up again, and watched to see him conceal the ladder among the rocks again. Then I went back to a place where I could command a view of the settlement, and I watched until I saw all the men ride away to the southward, then I went to look for you. Old Marguerite was left to carry food to you, and she will not be able to find the ladder of ropes. The men will not return until we have been three days upon the way, and they surely cannot overtake us then."

"Noble and courageous girl!" exclaimed her companion, in grateful enthusiasm. "You have probably discovered and utilized the first opportune moment since my captivity; had it not been for your heroic conduct, never again should I have seen the face of wife or child. Henceforth my home shall be yours, and every advantage that I give to my own daughter shall be equally shared by you. You shall have every educational advantage that the country affords, and if you never

had a sister, my own little Eva will be sure to fill that place for you; you cannot help loving her."

"O Senor! it seems as if the very portals of Heaven were opening before me," she exclaimed, gratefully.

"It will be Heaven to me to be at home with those I love once more," he answered, earnestly, "and it is to you that I owe the hope of ever seeing them again."

In their hurried search at the time that they dragged Mr. Bradford from his horse, the outlaws did not find the main portion of his money, which was secreted upon his person. All they obtained was a small sum which his pocket-book contained, and, before they made a more thorough search, it had been secreted in a crevice in the walls of his prison, so that he now had enough for all necessities.

At dark they reached a small adobe building occupied by an old Mexican and wife, and here he obtained food for the horses and themselves, and permission for the girl to pass the night under the shelter of their roof, but he preferred to take his chances outside. Toward midnight, he saw the old Mexican steal cautiously from the house, mount his horse, and ride away.

This gave him a feeling of apprehension, the more serious because it was impossible to find the way through the mountain passes by night. He rose before daylight, fed the horses plentifully, and with the first gleam of morning resumed their flight.

The afternoon of the third day arrived without any molestation to the fugitives, and Mr. Bradford remarked:

"We have only to proceed a few miles farther to be in comparative safety, for we shall reach the white settlements, and then I shall have no fear."

"Unless the old Mexican has betrayed us, they will not learn of our flight until to-night, and oh! how glad I shall be to see the faces of white people once more



for, with the exception of Gonzalez, I have seen no white person for many months until you came, and a sight of the most savage Indian could not inspire me with a greater fear than I feel when I behold him, but now, thank Heaven, I hope never to see his face again!" said the girl, in a tone of triumphant happiness.

"Hark! What was that?"

They paused to listen. There was no mistaking the sound. The sharp clink of horses' feet upon the rocky path rang

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

clear and distinct upon the mountain air, mingled with voices in excited conversation in the Spanish tongue.

"Senor, we are pursued!" said the girl, with whitening features, as the sounds came nearer and clearer, and emerging from a cañon, half a dozen horsemen came into view, riding at a mad gallop down the rocky slope toward them.

"I will never go back alive!" said the girl, in a low, decisive tone, as an imperative command to halt was borne upon the mountain breeze.

**THE PLAINS OF EASE.** We read in *Pilgrim's Progress* the following words: "They came to a delicate plain called Ease, where they went with much content; but that plain was but narrow, so they quickly got over it." Probably most of us are in the habit of feeling that the plains of ease in our lives are but narrow, and that we quickly get over them; and we feel it with regret. There is a natural inclination to cling to what is comfortable, and to believe that a continuance of that state would always remain pleasing to us. After a hard day's work, we rightly welcome the rest which evening brings, the quiet home, the refreshing walk, the inspiring music, the companionship of friends. But we forget that it is the hard day's work that has made these things so delightful to us—that without that they would soon become a wearisome monotony, harder to be endured than any toil.

**FRATERNAL AFFECTION.** No better foundation can be laid for life's social relations than the habit of fraternal honor and affection. The good brother will be a good citizen and a good friend. He has learned in his youth the lessons needed for maturity; he has acquired the same habit of self-control, the same

tendencies to sympathetic feelings, to kind and generous actions, to courteous and gentle manners, that form the essence of social happiness. In like manner, the maiden who has been a true and noble sister will be equally true and noble in her other relations of life. She has learned the secrets of influence; she has obtained the key to the human heart; and her whole life will attest the value of the experience.

**HAPPINESS.** "I know of nothing more contemptible, unmanly, or unwomanly and craven than the everlasting sighing for 'happiness,'" writes Thackeray in a letter to a friend. "Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the thinking about and doing their duty happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe. The heart and mind are brought—and reverently be it said—in contact with the Creator and Ruler and Father of all—the Perfect Bliss."

**DISCONTENT** is not only an evil in itself, but it implies some evil behind it, and to discover its source is more useful than to rail against its existence.

## THE GREEN DOOR.

THE green door stood in the middle of a high, red brick wall—red, that is, in respect of quality, not of color, for all aggressive hue had long ago been subdued by the soft clouding over of the surface by lichens, silvery, golden, and orange, bringing the whole to a dappled neutral tint. The door itself had been freshly painted, and stood out in rather startling contrast to its timeworn surroundings. Perhaps this was the reason it so often caught the attention of a solitary rider, who passed it almost daily, and caused him to exercise his imagination concerning the inhabitants whose entrance it seemed to guard with such jealous secrecy. For there was no looking over it; the wall was continued above and finished at the top with a kind of stone scallop shell which gave the portal an air of some pretension for so small a place, and was moreover so high, and the cottage it concealed so low that even from the elevation of the back of a tall chestnut horse little was to be observed but a steep tiled roof and twisted chimneys, fantastically draped with Virginia creeper and clematis, now starred with dark purple blossoms. Just within the wall grew five tall Lombardy poplars in a row, and the fourth was dead at the top. Amid his idle speculations, our observant rider wondered what spiteful blast had selected it from among its flourishing brethren for an untimely doom.

Barnicoats Lane must have been the proverbial long lane without a turning; after the poplars were passed it kept straight on between long, sloping turnip-fields, without a hedge to break the monotony, creeping up and up till the fields gave place to the short, springy turf of the open downs which stretched away on either hand, dotted here and there with

flocks of sheep, forty feeding like one. Then came a chalk-pit, and the lane grew rutty; by and by it dwindled to a mere cart-track, and presently lost itself altogether among the ribs and hollows of the down.

Neither business nor pleasure brought many travelers that way; but Adam Brydon, who preferred a good horse to the orthodox doctor's gig, found a canter over the high downs the quickest as well as the pleasantest way to get from Nether Wandle, where he was living, to Up Wandle, where the Infirmary required his daily attendance; and Rajah, the chestnut horse aforesaid, would have felt personally affronted if his master had required him to keep to the high road. Dr. Brydon did not really belong to the Wandles, either Up or Nether; he had taken over the practice for a year or two, until an old friend's son should be ready to succeed to it, because, being overworked, he needed comparative rest and country air. After a year's hard study in Paris and a still more trying year of overwhelming work as house-surgeon of a London hospital, he felt that, unless he meant to break down altogether, he must take lighter work for a time. Just then this opening presented itself, and he was glad to avail himself of it, though a country practice was by no means what he had mapped out for himself. The ailments of the Wiltshire peasants he found made very slight demands upon his brain; the fresh, free air of the downs soon blew away the effects of overwork, and he was already beginning to chafe at the monotony.

He had come to Nether Wandle for quiet, and quiet he found with a vengeance. He had always supposed him-

self to have a distinct preference for solitude, but it began to occur to him that such unmitigated loneliness was rather a doubtful boon; if it was already so irksome in full summer, would his horse and his books enable him to face the long isolation of the winter? For he had not taken kindly to his neighbors, nor they to him; he was certainly not a particularly social being, and the society of Nether Wandle, chiefly feminine, with an infusion of the clerical element, was not such as attracted him. He responded civilly but coldly to the advances of Mrs. Gaul and Miss Packer, and Mrs. Fagge, the vicar's wife, who was the mother of five grown-up daughters, remarked severely that he evidently did not care for ladies' society, which she considered a very bad sign in a young man. I am afraid there was some justice in the accusation. He had not been thrown much with women, at any rate, not on intimate terms, and he was apt to rate their intellects low and to consider their talk trivial and tiresome, especially if they affected a learned tone. Perhaps, in the exercise of his profession he saw a little too much behind the scenes, and some of the glamor was lost; but, be that as it may, he had contrived to reach a tolerably mature age without ever having his peace materially disturbed. Many people thought him hard, and certainly he had scant mercy on fanciful, hysterical patients, but beneath his brusque manner lay a fund of genuine tenderness for suffering; and, moreover, he had what few would have given him credit for—a quick and vivid imagination, and was by no means incapable of taking strongly sympathetic views of any one who interested him, taking a great deal more notice of trifling details than appeared on the surface. He was emphatically not a ladies' doctor, nor in any sense a ladies' man; an ugly fellow some people called him, but there was a certain air of distinction as well as power in his strong, large-framed figure and forcibly modeled nose

and jaw. He wore a short red mustache that failed to conceal the gleam of strong white teeth when his face lighted with a humorous smile.

His curiosity anent the green door found utterance one morning when his housekeeper came up for orders. The knotty points of dinner being disposed of, he began:

"Mrs. Cremer, I suppose you know who lives in a small house by itself in a lane turning up to the downs about a mile from here?"

"No, sir, indeed I do not. You mean Barnicoats, I suppose? I see the board was down more than a month ago, so I thought some one must have took it. I wondered at it, too; such a lonesome place as 'tis."

"I noticed there was smoke coming out of the chimneys, so evidently it is inhabited; but there is no other sign of life."

"Well, you don't say so, sir! Since old Mr. Barnicoat died, I never thought to see any one there again. He was a rum one, was old Barnicoat; they say he used to hide his money in the bottom of flower-pots and suchlike, 'cos he always thought the banks would break and he should lose it. Uriah Greening, who used to be gardener there, tells many a queer tale about him. He says the old man's nephew came down after he was dead, and he was in such a way on account of not being able to find where his savings was gone to; and, as he was cursing and stamping round, he knocked a geranium off the window, and the pot broke all to pieces, and out rolled fifty sovereigns, if you'll believe me."

Brydon laughed.

"Rather a good spec to take the house and go in for extensive digging operations in the garden; but I suppose that has been pretty thoroughly done. Perhaps the nephew has come back and settled in there."

"Oh! no, sir; he's gone back to Australia, him and his wife, too, and the old

man hadn't no other kin. I suppose some party have took a fancy to the place, lonesome though it is. But, law! there's the green-grocer already. You said vegetable marrer, sir?"

Next day was Sunday. "I shouldn't wonder if 'they' were in church," said Adam to himself, as he sauntered up the village street, debating whether he would follow the insistent invitation of the three sharp-toned bells to "Come to church! Come to church!"

Every head in the little church was turned at Dr. Brydon's entrance, though he came in quietly enough and took up his position near the porch. It must be owned that his appearance there was infrequent; not that he was absolutely too busy to come, nor yet that, like some members of his profession, he was afraid that an appearance at morning service might be supposed to indicate a falling-off in his practice; neither was he personally indisposed toward church-going, but in truth his taste was somewhat fastidious, and Nether Wandle Church jarred upon it painfully.

Years ago it had been as sweet a little country church as you would see on a summer day's journey, nestling amongst its hillocks of placid graves, and watched over by ancient elms, in which the rooks had established an ancestral home. But the ruthless hand of the restorer had been upon it; the nameless graves had been leveled, the weather-stained tomb-stones laid flat in a neat row to serve as a flagged path, the turf smooth-shaven, and ornamented with stiff deodaras, and still more hideous puzzle monkeys, with clumps of pampas-grass, at judicious intervals. The elms had been cut down, for they were growing old, and might endanger the spick-and-span campanile which had taken the place of the old wooden belfry. Inside the changes were no less thorough; the monuments, some florid, some downright ugly, but all characteristic of a bygone day, which re-

corded the deaths and virtues of parishioners for centuries back, had all been removed to the base of the tower, where they were huddled together in formal but incongruous rows.

A clean sweep had been made of the old, roomy, broad-seated pews and high red baize hassocks, and their places were taken by scanty, highly-polished open sittings, which rendered kneeling, except in a certain prescribed attitude, a sheer impossibility. The whole place was redolent of varnish, and, since it was one of the Sundays after Trinity, the chancel was draped with a certain garish green, the effect of which to the eye was not unlike that of varnish to the nose. On the whole, Adam found it not conducive to devotion; he sat back in the corner of his pew and placidly surveyed the assembled congregation until the entrance of the procession, consisting of seven small boys and three men in hobnailed boots, besides the vicar.

So far as curiosity had brought him to church, he was doomed to well-merited disappointment. His gaze encountered only the familiar faces: Mrs. Fagge, the vicar's wife, with five Miss Faggies; Mrs. Holdaway, from the Manor Farm, with her two buxom daughters; Mrs. Gault with her three, the schoolmaster's sister, and the female organist—a solecism which Mr. Fagge hoped soon to abolish along with the high pews and hassocks, only Nether Wandle had not yet been able to produce a substitute of the masculine gender. These, with a couple of farmers, a few village women in their plaid shawls, a sprinkling of smock frocks, and a score of fidgety school-children, completed the congregation. Once, during the second lesson, Brydon heard a soft rustle at the door, and turned his head, but only to see Miss Selina Fagge expelling a refractory school-child.

Half amused at himself for feeling baffled in his absurd fancy, he made up his mind to try Up Wandle next Sun-



day. "They" would be far more likely to go to Up Wandle Church; it was very little further from Barnicoats, and was all which Nether Wandle was not. Gray and weather-beaten, moss-grown and ancient, with old worm-eaten pews and hoary monuments, speaking of the past and of the unceasing prayers of many generations, it was a lonely spot, far up among the hills. You could see the church from a great way off, standing out against the sky; the outline looking high-shouldered with its deep gables and low squat tower, as though it were hugging itself together against the keen winds that swept across the downs, and surrounded with dim gravestones, hardly to be distinguished from the sheep browsing on the open hills all about it.

The morning had been rainy, but it cleared toward afternoon, and Adam, finding the time hang rather heavy, went out for a good stretch over the downs, and half unconsciously, chose his homeward way by Barnicoats Lane. So often had he passed the mute green door that it was quite with a start of astonishment that he saw it open, and a closed fly standing before it. He could not resist quickening his pace a little, but the driver was standing with his back to him, holding the carriage-door open, so Adam's curiosity was only gratified by catching a glimpse of the wave of a black skirt, as a lady disappeared into the mysterious portal, followed by a trim little figure in a black jacket, fitting like wax, and one of those astonishing hats, turned up behind and adorned with a phalanx of plaid bows which none but a Frenchwoman of the lower ranks could possibly wear. Even Adam's masculine perceptions, quickened by recollections of Paris, could make out that this must be the Abigail.

Next morning some further light was vouchsafed; Mrs. Cremer, having received her orders for the day, lingered.

"You was asking me, sir, about Barnicoats, and yesterday after church I see

Uriah Greening, him as used to be gardener to old Mr. Barnicoat, which as his aunt married my poor mother's half-brother, we was, in a manner of speaking, cousins, so he very often steps round of a Sunday after church, for he goes to church most regular, such a pious man as he is, and so was his mother before him."

Here Mrs. Cremer paused, having run herself off the rails and lost the thread of her narrative. Adam picked her up and started her afresh with—

"Well, and who has got the cottage?"

"Well, as I was a-saying, I asked Uriah where he was at work now. 'Oh!' says he, 'I'm working up to Barnicoats again, but whether I shall bide is more than I can say, for it goes again my conscience to have any dealings with them as is joined to idols.' 'Whatever do you mean, Uriah?' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'Mrs. Smith, the widdler lady that's took the cottage, she and her maid is both rank papists and Sabbath-breakers, too,' says he, 'for they've took and ordered a fly from the Elephant and Castle to drive into Devizes and hear mass, working cattle on the Lord's Day, which is outrageous, and praying to graven images.'"

Adam had some ado to preserve his gravity through this rigmarole, but he did not want to offend his well-meaning informant.

"Does she live there all alone, this Mrs. Smith?" he inquired.

"Quite alone, sir, except for the foreign maid; she has neither chick nor child. Uriah thinks they must both be foreigners, he hears them talk some strange lingo, but the lady can speak English very pretty, and a very pleasant-spoken lady she is too, so he says, but she don't see no company, and scarce ever goes beyond the gate."

About a week after this conversation, Dr. Brydon was riding home from Up Wandle, his mind so intently occupied with the details of an interesting operation, that he had actually passed the green door without looking round, when, a few

yards beyond it, his eye was caught by a sudden vivid gleam from the side of the road, close under the bank. There were no rain-drops, for the day had been dry, and it was so much brighter than any ordinary sparkle of broken flint, that he looked closer, and thought he saw the yellow of gold; hastily dismounting, he stooped and picked up a round gold locket or pendant, with a star of very fine, though small, diamonds in the middle. Puzzled he gazed at it, and turned it over as it lay in the palm of his hand. At the back was a little valve, which was open, showing an empty space designed for hair or portrait, and on the valve was a monogram in enamel—V. N. entwined with an S. "Ah! to be sure," he said to himself, "it must belong to the young widow, Mrs. Smith." Not only was her house close by, but very few people in that neighborhood were likely to possess trinkets of that description and go dropping them about the lanes.

It was so near that he did not remount, but, slipping his arm through the reins, walked up to the green door and rang—pulled the bell I should rather say, for there was no response but the loose rattle of a broken wire. Another pull meeting with no better result, he secured Rajah's bridle to a stout hook in the wall, apparently put there for the purpose, and tried the latch; it yielded, and pushing the door with a scroop over the stone step, he crossed the threshold and stood within. A flagged path led up to a low veranda, which ran round the cottage and on which French windows and glass doors opened in a puzzling confusion. A black poodle, shaved *en lion*, at the sound of the gate flew out from one of them, indignantly protesting at the intrusion. Before Dr. Brydon could distinctly make out which was the front door, that he might make legitimate application, the dog was followed by a lady, calling "Blitz, Blitz!" in a peculiarly soft, mellow voice; then, perceiving the intruder, she moved a few

steps to meet him, with a gaze of dignified inquiry.

His observant eyes noted every detail of her appearance, as she stood a little above him on the step of the veranda. After all, she is neither young nor pretty, flashed across his mind with a comical sense of disappointment. She looked fully five-and-thirty, yet had the air, the indefinable charm which some women seem to gain rather than lose as they leave youth behind them. She was rather tall, with a full though graceful figure, of a pale complexion, the ivory tints of which in an Englishwoman would have denoted ill-health; the lower part of her face was rather heavily molded, the eyes were long-shaped, of a pale, clear gray, with drooping lids and very dark lashes. She wore a black dress of some thin, soft material, cut rather low about the throat, which gave her an un-English appearance, and the loose sleeve displayed the contours of a magnificent arm and wrist.

He raised his hat.

"Pray, excuse me," he said, "but finding that the gate-bell was broken I took the liberty of making my entrance. I picked up a trinket in the lane only a few yards from your house, and I thought that probably—"

At his first word her hand had gone to her throat.

"My locket!" she cried. "Oh! I had not missed it. How could it have slipped off? And you have found it? How can I thank you?"

He held it out to her, but as she took it a sudden flush rose to her cheek, her eyes dilated with dismay.

"How did it come open?" she cried. "What have you done with the little paper inside?"

He drew back a little and looked slightly offended.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I have restored it to you exactly as I found it. I am sorry if the contents are missing. I did not open it."

The flush ebbed away as quickly as it had come, leaving her so pale that Brydon thought she was going to faint, and made a step to her side, but she recovered herself in a moment.

"Forgive me," she said, with a quick compunction; "I was so startled by the loss of what is of far more importance than the locket itself. Pray, tell me exactly where you found it, that I may go at once and search; it must surely have fallen out close by."

He at once offered to guide her to the spot, and almost in silence, for the lady seemed too distracted by her loss for conversation, they hastened to the elder bush in the hedge-row near which the locket had lain.

Patiently they groveled and groped till Brydon was near giving up the search in despair, and the lady plaintively begged him to leave her and not to trouble himself any longer, but declared her own unalterable determination to go on hunting till nightfall if needs be. At length his eye, which began to feel stupid with staring into every nook and cranny, perceived a small white object nestling against the prickly leaves of a thistle, which, upon investigation, proved to be not a lump of chalk this time but a piece of white paper, closely folded into a compass small enough to lie within the locket. Whether it contained a lock of hair or any other minute relic it was impossible to tell by the feeling, but his companion's cry of joy when he doubtfully held it out to her soon assured him that it was indeed the missing treasure.

With a light and buoyant step and an entirely changed mien she retraced her way to her garden gate, and as Dr. Brydon was proceeding to release his horse she pressed him to re-enter the green door with a charming and irresistible cordiality. "Otherwise," she added, "I shall think you are offended by my discourtesy when I first discovered my real loss. I have

expressed neither apology nor thanks properly yet in my pre-occupation."

Nothing loth, he followed her within the hitherto fast-closed portal. In their absence a small tea-table with some odd foreign-looking equipment had been placed in the veranda beside a low lounging-chair.

"Now," she said, "you must let me give you a cup of tea, unless you prefer a glass of wine. No! then shall I ring for milk and sugar, or will you have it as we do with lemon-juice?"

"In Russian fashion, by all means. You are then from Russia?" he asked, his curiosity more than ever aroused, for he had been hesitating to what nationality to ascribe his new acquaintance. Frenchwoman nor southerner she clearly could not be, and had far too much elegance for his idea of a German.

"I am—yes, that is, I passed a good deal of my youth in Russia," she answered rather nervously, and quickly turned the conversation.

Was there some magic potion in the cup of delicate Oriental china that Mrs. Smith handed to her guest? It is not usually in the power of tea, of however rare a flavor, even enhanced by a suspicion of lemon-juice, to open the gates of silence—that is generally reserved for a more generous potion; but this wonderful decoction from Mrs. Smith's samovar loosed Dr. Brydon's usually silent tongue, and set him talking of himself, his past, and his future, in a way that subsequently amazed him to look back upon.

Mrs. Smith did not talk much herself, but she listened admirably with an interested sympathetic look in her gray eyes, as she sat leaning a little forward in her low chair, while he prosed on till an impatient sound of hoofs in the lane warned him that his visit had been unconsciously prolonged. Rajah had been well schooled in waiting, and he had passed many a half-hour of equine meditation

outside a patient's gate; but it occurred to him at length that his docility was being imposed upon, and he made a protest which startled his master into a perception of the flight of time.

The green door had gained a new interest now, it had an individuality; something of what it hid had been revealed, but only enough to further stimulate curiosity. Adam would never have suspected himself of indulging in that feminine vice, but he *was* curious: no old tabby could have been more eager to discover more about the solitary inmate of Barnicoats. Who was she? Where had she come from? Why had she planted herself in so lonely and unattractive a spot? To have merely seen her, even to have talked with her for an hour, answered none of these questions. But why should he be so inquisitive? What earthly business was it of his? He could not tell. Her face constantly occupied his imagination, though she was plain, decidedly plain, as he said to himself with a laugh at his own absurdity. Her voice, it is true, was not unbeautiful; it was a haunting voice, and, little as he had heard of it, certain tones in a faintly unusual accent recurred to his memory again and again.

He passed the green door in his daily rides, but the days went by and the weeks, and it seemed as though he were fated never again to cross its threshold. Mrs. Smith had not invited him to repeat his visit, and he felt that to do so unbidden would be an unwarrantable intrusion.

It was a cold and wet summer; day after day the southeasterly rains drove across the downs, drenching the heavy purple blossoms that loaded Mrs. Smith's chimneys and beating down the sodden and still green leaves of the Lombardy poplars. How cheerless, thought Adam, for that solitary woman all alone in that gloomy little house.

One evening, returning from a long round, for the unseasonable damps had caused a good deal of illness, he found a

note lying on his hall-table—a note, at the bare sight of which his curiosity gave a throb of prevision; oddly shaped, gorgeously monogrammed and smelling of cedar. Mrs. Smith was unwell and begged he would go and see her. Both he and Rajah were wet and tired; he sent his horse to the stable, dined hastily, and putting on a dry overcoat, went off on foot.

The glass doors opening on the veranda were all closed, and the rain dripped from the leaves in heavy splashes. The room into which he was shown was empty and he looked about him for indications of its occupant. She was one, you would say at a glance, who left her impress on her surroundings. She evidently appreciated comfort, not to say luxury. July though it was, a small, clear wood fire, burnt on the hearth, and near it was drawn a hammock chair. The original homely furniture of the cottage was almost smothered beneath a confusion of cushions, rich draperies, hangings and furs, some spread on the floor, some covering the chairs and sofas. Books lay about, not with the ordered symmetry of an assured air of cultivation, but cast down at random from the reader's hand, as she roamed at will from Tragedy to Comedy, from Shelley and Keats to the latest French novel. On a little table close to the fireside lay the last *Revue des deux Mondes* half cut, and with the paper knife marking the place, and beside it a slim volume of verse. A feather fan lay across the open page, and Adam could see the line:

"Elle est si pâle et pourtant rose."

He turned a leaf or two; the fly-leaf fell back, disclosing a name written in strange and unfamiliar characters. He knew some letters of the Russian alphabet, just enough to enable him to make out the first name, Vera; but those that followed were beyond him, certainly neither of them resembled Smith. With



a sudden sense that he had been prying, he closed the book and turned to the fire, and a minute afterward he heard a rustle and Mrs. Smith approached him from the *portière* which divided the room from another.

She looked pale and heavy-eyed, and her step was languid. She was wearing over her black dress a sort of long dolman of deep crimson cloth lined with fur, with loose sleeves. The color brought out the ivory pallor of her face.

He took the hand she extended to him and drew her into the light of the lamp, where he could peruse her countenance with his keen, observant eyes. He trusted a great deal more to what they told him than to any information his patients bestowed.

"Sleeplessness and nervousness—is it not so?" he said.

"And neuralgia," she added; "a perfect martyrdom. If you can cure that I shall be eternally grateful to you."

She sank into a seat with a despairing sigh, and motioned him to a chair beside her.

"It lies more with yourself than with me," he said. "Neuralgia is a queer thing and depends often as much on mental as physical causes. It seems to me that what ails you is depression caused by the solitude in which you are living. Plenty of fresh air and exercise—still more, cheerful society and constant occupation—will do more for you than anything I can prescribe."

She laughed. "You remind me of the doctors who go to visit a starving family and prescribe a generous diet, plenty of port wine and chops."

"Is the prescription then so unattainable?" said he, smiling. "With the fresh breezes of the Wiltshire downs all about you, the first item at least should be easy enough."

She shivered and shook her head. "I should be sorry to encounter your fresh

breezes out of doors. Why, they are so penetrating that even here, by my fireside, I am chilled to the bone and forced to wear the warmest wraps I have with me. And this is what you English call summer! No wonder you are a cold and phlegmatic race."

"It is not a good specimen of one, I grant you."

She drew her shoulders together. "Well, I have had experience of some of the coldest climates in Europe"—she paused, and seemed to look back reflectively, while a queer smile played about the corners of her mouth—"and I assure you I never knew before what it was to feel chilled to my very soul."

"These wet summers are very trying," he assented; "far more so than winter, I always believe; and this air may be too keen for you. Why not try change—visiting your friends?"

"I have no friends—in England. Therefore," she added, after a pause, "you see how useless your second prescription of cheerful society is."

"Do you decline to make any?" he asked. "There seems to be a sort of sociability in the neighborhood round, though one would hardly describe it as lively. I am afraid I must plead guilty myself to knowing very little of my neighbors except professionally; but surely the ladies about here, Mrs. Fagge, and Mrs. Gaul, and the rest have called upon you?"

She looked at him with a gleam of lazy amusement in her gray eyes.

"My good sir, do you suppose these ladies would be so left to themselves as to call upon an unknown Mrs. Smith, coming among them without introductions, who might be a cheesemonger's widow for aught they could tell? And if they did, should I find their society exhilarating? I doubt it, for I am too weary to be amused with their oddities. No, believe me, I am far from wishing for acquaint-

ances. It strikes me you are rather what our neighbors, the Germans, would call *Kleinstädtisch* down here."

All this was said with so complete an air of dissociating Brydon from his surroundings as robbed it of all personal discourtesy.

"You are impracticable," he said. "Of course I can try what iron and quinine will do for you, but I warn you that will be little unless you can rouse yourself to be interested in something outside you. Amusement will do more for you than tonics."

"Amusement? Can there be an existence more dreary than one spent in laboriously trying to amuse one's self! No; what I want is anodynes."

"You will not get them from me. If I gave you what would banish your neuralgia for to-night and procure you sleep, I know well that you would pay for it to-morrow, and for many to-morrows."

"I am willing to take that risk."

Brydon began to lose patience.

"Well," he said, "if you decline to exert yourself and prefer to shut yourself up in a morbid solitude, you will sink, as many ladies seem rather to enjoy doing, into a condition of nervous, half-fanciful invalidism. Drugs can do little for you. If you wish to preserve a healthy, natural enjoyment of life you must rely on yourself."

"You are frank."

"It is best to be so."

"And if I do not follow your *régimé*?"

"Why, then—" he finished his sentence by picking up his hat and gloves.

She stretched out a detaining hand.

"How hard you are." She paused, and fixed her eyes on him with a searching gaze. She was leaning forward in her chair, her elbows on the little, low table, her chin resting on her hands. "You tell me to rouse myself—to amuse myself; if you knew, you would give me a draught of Lethe, rather. I have suffered—ah! how I have suffered. It would take years

of quiet living to blot out the memory of the years I have behind me to look back upon, and you talk as if all such spectres were to be banished by a brisk walk on your dreary downs, or, still better, by the excitement of one of Mrs. Fagge's tea-parties, supposing I were so highly favored as to obtain an invitation."

He drew a little nearer, and a softer, more pitying tone stole into his voice.

"Forgive me if I have seemed harsh; it is needful some times. Perhaps if you could tell me—"

She shook her head. Then, after a momentary silence, during which he regarded her, half puzzled, half remorseful, she said:

"Well, I will be good and follow your advice implicitly, for awhile, at least, to give it a fair chance. Don't imagine," she added, sitting upright with a sudden swift movement, "that I am whining over mental sufferings, either real or sentimental. I may have had my share of those, but what I speak of is actual physical torture. Ah, if I could tell you the tenth part of what I have gone through!"

"You do not look as though you had had much illness," he said, unable to help regarding with admiration her grand and well-developed physique.

"Illness? No; did you think I meant that? Why, I never had a day's illness in my life till I came here. But there, what is the use? I cannot explain, and you would not believe me if I could—I should not expect it."

He could well believe she was a woman of strange and varied experiences, looking into her face, which had taken on a curious kind of beauty, lent by the excitement shining within, like a light within an alabaster lamp.

He took his leave ere long, but could not so easily dismiss Mrs. Smith from his mind. It was no use trying to forget her. She haunted his imagination far more than the green door itself had done. He had always known a mystery lurked behind

that door, and now, having penetrated to the interior, it was only to be confronted with a subject more baffling still. In vain he told himself there was no mystery at all. What should there be so *piquante* about a widow, over thirty, and by no means beautiful, coming to settle in a quiet neighborhood for seclusion—nervous, evidently, and inclined to be morbid? Certainly she had talked very strangely about her own past experiences; but no doubt she had gone through a good deal in the loss of her husband, and women were apt to grow fanciful with too much loneliness. She had a singular manner, it could not be denied; a kind of appeal for sympathy, contradicted by a self-reliant and sometimes reserved bearing. She was a woman of remarkable intelligence and cultivation, too, and her conversation was racy and stimulating far beyond his experience of womankind. It was, after all, no wonder that he found her an interesting study, especially in these wilds. So he argued; but, be it as it might, he could not banish her from his thoughts. He found his mind continually slipping back to her, or working round from the most unlikely subjects. Then, in the evenings, when he took up a favorite poet to while away an idle hour, certain phrases fitted themselves to her image, and called her up in a new light before his eyes. It was surely of some gray-eyed Russian woman Rossetti was thinking when he wrote some of his strange, sweet sonnets.

He did not understand even yet what this possession meant. He was singularly unversed in matters of the heart. Years ago he had had his fancies like others, but they had been crowded out by keener interest, by work and ambitions; and he had outgrown them with other boyish things, and his spring-time, he thought, was long gone by. He told himself he was interested in a new type, but his interest carried him remarkably often to Barnicoats. He fell into the way of

dropping in, now on this excuse, now on that, to take her some new book he thought she would like to see, and anon to hear her opinion of the same, the shrewd criticisms which always delighted him, and which her womanly intuitive perceptions made so novel to the dry light of his own thinking. Nor was encouragement wanting; she said little, but her eyes always thanked him for coming, and craved his staying when he would have gone.

Quite suddenly self-knowledge came. It was one autumn evening, beautiful and tender, with the low, green lights in the sky that follows a day of weeping rain. Mrs. Smith had been in-doors all day, and tempted by the late sweetness of the sunset sky, threw a white shawl round her shoulders, and sauntered down to the gate with him. She was in a mood he had not seen her in before. A kind of suppressed excitement burnt through the tranquillity of her ordinary manner, reminding him of the second time he had seen her, yet with a difference. She was restless, like one who is in momentary expectation of something happening, and seemed to only half hear his remarks. Just as they reached the gate, she turned to him with a yearning look he had seen in her face once or twice, and said something about her intolerable loneliness. There was a strange pathos about her, and the little phrase in her vibrating voice struck home. He had just taken her hand to shake it in farewell—instead he raised it to his lips. The action seemed the only expression possible to the feelings which suddenly surged up: words would not come to his slow and silent tongue. She drew it away not hastily, and without anger, but with a certain dignity that chilled him, and looked at him with a glance which at the time he could not analyze: it seemed like a compassion and a touch of compunction withal. Then, without another word, she slowly retraced her steps up the garden-path.

Next day he found himself under a pledge to immolate himself at one of Mrs. Fagge's tennis parties. He was late, and the sets were already made up, so he joined a group of elders who were discussing ices and their neighbors under the trees. He soon discovered that the mysterious stranger at Barnicoats was the topic, and would fain have escaped; though what right he, of all men, had to resent their indulging a very natural curiosity it would be hard to say. Retreat was, however, impossible, for Mrs. Fagge pressed him into the service to dispense strawberries and cream.

"Ah! Dr. Brydon," said Miss Packer, as she ladled cream out of the bowl he handed to her, "you are the very person to throw light on the subject we were all exercising our wits upon! You can tell us all about the mysterious tenant of Barnicoats."

"Why mysterious, Miss Packer? I am acquainted with Mrs. Smith, certainly. What is the mystery?"

"Tantalizing man! Why, if there is no mystery, does she know nobody—show herself nowhere?"

"I cannot tell, I am sure. I never asked her."

This he said with as much haughtiness as if he himself had never indulged in the faintest curiosity as to what lay behind the green door. Perhaps he forgot he ever had.

"No; but really, Dr. Brydon," put in Mrs. Gaul, "I do really want to know. Who is she? Where does she come from? Why does she never appear at church? There must be something wrong about a woman who doesn't go to church. Don't you think so?"

"I can exonerate Mrs. Smith from the last charge. I believe she goes to hear mass at the Catholic Chapel at Devizes, but whether because she is a Catholic or because there is no Greek church within reach, I cannot tell."

"Greek church!"—in a chorus of surprise.

"Mrs. Smith is a Russian. Beyond that fact I know no more of her history than you do."

He spoke in the tone of a man who desires to put an end to a conversation in which he is not interested; but the pertinacity of the Wandle ladies was not to be so easily daunted.

"I see you think we are sad gossips," said Mrs. Fagge, wagging her head. "And I am sure no one can be more sincerely averse to gossip than I am. Still, you know, it is very disagreeable to have a stranger coming into our midst absolutely without credentials, as you may say."

"Aye!" said good-natured Mrs. Gaul. "One would like to call upon the poor thing, and show her a little neighborly kindness, don't you know? If one could be sure—but it *might* turn out very awkward."

The picture of Mrs. Smith being patronized by Mrs. Gaul almost provoked a smile; at the same time her words made him so angry that it was almost with a flush of resentment that he said:

"I fancy that Mrs. Smith is by no means anxious for visitors. She seems to me to have come here rather for quiet and seclusion. She has lived a good deal in Paris, and I hardly suppose would care much for the society of a small country place."

This was injudicious, as he saw later. He caught a glance exchanged between Mrs. Fagge and Miss Packer, the meaning of which he could not fathom; and, having discharged his function of supplying the conclave with strawberries, he sauntered away.

Presently, strolling along the shrubbery-path, in company with a rather juvenile Miss Fagge, to whose babble of love-sets, back handers, and cuts he lent but a partial attention, he overheard some



words which betrayed that his neighbor at Barnicoats was still the subject of conversation.

"Well, but a widow, you know!" caught his ear.

"A widow, I dare say. And who vouches for it that she is a widow at all? No, my dear, you may depend upon it, there is more than meets the eye."

"Do you know, it strikes me that Dr. Brydon knows a good deal more about her than he chooses to say. Did you observe how very anxious he was to keep any one from calling? I shouldn't be surprised"—and then a whisper was interchanged, with much shrugging of shoulders and uplifting of hands.

He stayed to hear no more, but, with an abrupt adieu to little Miss Fagge, greatly to her astonishment, for she thought she had been entertaining him charmingly, he took his leave. In his wrath he would fain have confronted those "venomous women," as he called them, with scathing indignation, and made them take back their injurious words; but, after all, what was it they had actually said? Almost nothing; and insinuations are awkward things to deal with, they are apt to come to life in the handling as they would never do if wisely let alone. He had sense enough, too, to see that any championship from him would only injure Mrs. Smith more fatally in the eyes of her self constituted judges. He must needs let the matter be until he had, as he meant to have, the right to take it on himself.

In the evening, over his solitary pipe, he had the whole thing out with himself. He knew now what ailed him; he knew that he loved Mrs. Smith. In the flash of his burning indignation on her behalf his love stood revealed. He marveled at himself that he had not known it before; for now it seemed to him that he must have loved her always, have recognized her from the very first, as no stranger, but the desire of his heart. Was it in-

deed only to-day that he knew that he wanted her, that in some inexplicable fashion she had become woven into the very texture of his life? Or was it rather a thing that had been always, and he had been blind to it till now?

Mingling with his new, strange longing was the feeling of passionate indignation with himself that he had, however innocently, caused her name to be lightly held among those women. This perhaps was the impulse which drove him to a swift decision. Without that spur he would, may be, have brooded long over his love before he brought it to speech; but now, to have the right to defend her from calumny, to comfort her after all she had suffered, was all he had thought of. This thought banished all his diffidence—he would speak at once. The memory of the slight repulse of the evening before hardly daunted him; he would not have had it otherwise; she had yet scarcely left off the signs of widowhood. He did not dare to say to himself, "She loves me," nor even, "She will love me;" but in his heart was more of confidence than fear. Truly, he never once reflected how little he knew about her—he knew *her*, and that was enough. To-morrow should decide his fate.

The morrow was one of those fair days wherewith October sometimes recompenses us for the disappointments of a niggard summer. The sun blazed out of a cloudless sky with almost the force of August; only the brooding stillness and the pervading tinge of golden bronze over woodland and coppice told that the summer was gone by. Adam Brydon went through his work in a dream. It was characteristic of the man that he scrupulously performed every iota of his duty before he let his eager feet carry him to the threshold of the green door; but it was all done at last, and as the low sun gilded the tall heads of the poplars he stood, with his heart beating like a boy's, and his hand on the familiar latch.

The door stuck a little, as it was apt to do, and scrooped over the door-stone with a harsh, grating sound. As Brydon stepped inside he saw Mrs. Smith sitting in the veranda—Mrs. Smith, so changed, so transfigured that he paused, amazed. Her eyes were shining, her cheeks flushed as he had never seen them, her lips parted in a radiant smile. In a moment he perceived that she was not alone. Leaning over the back of her chair was a man, young, but worn-looking, very pale, dark, and slender, with a foreign air heightened by the upward twirl of a pair of black waxed mustaches.

Brydon stood still for an astonished instant, then Mrs. Smith, perceiving him, hastened toward him with outstretched hands.

"I am so glad you have come—I was so afraid I might have to leave without seeing you to say good-bye. We are going away to-morrow. Come and let me introduce you to my husband, Prince Sergius Nelikoff—Dr. Brydon."

Adam found himself returning civilly the foreigner's graceful bow and listening to his courteous expressions of thanks for his kindness to the "Princess." The whole thing was too startlingly incredible for any of the ordinary manifestations of surprise; the time for that would come presently. He accepted mechanically the cup of fragrant Russian tea the transformed Mrs. Smith offered him, but his conversation was not brilliant.

Presently Prince Sergius rose. "Excuse me for a few moments," he said, "I have some letters I must get off by this post, and I think," he added, with a smile, "'Mrs. Smith' wants to ease her conscience by a few explanations." He turned and entered the house, pausing at the glass door to call, "Vera!" She followed him, and Brydon heard a few words of Russian uttered in a low, impressive tone; then she returned and stood for a few moments without speaking. Brydon could not have uttered a word to break

the silence, his heart was filled with those words he had been waiting all day to say, and which now might never be spoken.

Perhaps some sense of what was in his mind reached her, for the explanation she had intended died on her tongue; instead, she stood before him, like a culprit, plucking the red leaves from the Virginia creeper that twined up the support she was standing by, and scattering them about her feet. They looked like drops of blood.

There was almost a defiant tone in her voice when at last she spoke.

"You are scandalized," she began, abruptly, "at the idea that I have been living here all this time under a false name, and taking you all in; and you will be still more so when I tell you why. We have escaped from a Russian prison—my husband and I. We were forced, for safety's sake, to escape separately, and it was agreed that I should come straight to England and remain here till he could join me. Except London, this was the only place I knew. An English governess brought me here on our holiday twenty years ago. My husband has been all this time hiding on a little island off the coast of Finland. You may picture to yourself the suspense I have been enduring."

He did picture it to himself, and his very soul was wrenched at the knowledge that during the sweet madness of these last few weeks her heart had been filled with the image of another man, and he had simply served her as a distraction. He sat very still, his head bent a little.

She went on—"You will not expect me to tell you the crime of which we are accused; enough that it is one which would have meant not exile only, but the mines. I have known already what a winter in Siberia is. I was in exile with my father before I was married; but it would kill Sergius—he is not strong."

The tenderness in her tone cut to her listener's heart like a knife.

"Do you remember my locket that you found, and the state of mind I was in about the little paper that fell out?"

Did he remember? Could he forget? He simply nodded.

"That morsel of foreign paper contained a memorandum which Sergius had intrusted to me, which I dared not destroy, but which, if any one had found, might have compromised not only ourselves, but others of whom we think far more. Well, it is all over now, and to-morrow we sail for America. I know I can trust you to say nothing of all this, much as it would gratify our good neighbors; for, though it could hardly harm us now, one never knows what may be. Sergius did not quite like my telling you even this much, only I could not go without explaining why I had deceived you."

"You need not; I have not reproached you."

"You do. You reproach me every time you look at me. After all, I never told you I was—I was—that Mr. Smith was dead," she added, with a sort of half laugh.

"No, you never *told* me so." He rose from his chair and looked full at her. "I don't think you have acted quite fairly by me; but let it pass. Good-bye, Mrs. Smith."

She followed him a few steps down the garden path.

"You are hard," she said; "you think I purposely misled you. You have no right to think so. It is an insult; I meant to thank you for the kindness and sympathy which I valued, it seems, too much. I will not say 'Forgive me,' for it would be owning what you have no right to charge me with. But you have been good to me, and I would fain have parted friends."

He turned and took her hand.

"Don't think I mean to blame you. I have been a fool perhaps—I will not speak of that. It was all a mistake. Good-bye; all good go with you."

He was gone, and the green door closed behind him, shutting him out, or so it seemed to him, into a bleak, solitary world, where love, and hope, and youth, were over forever, and nothing was left but work and duty. He had lost, not only his love, but his vision of sweet perfectness—the ideal woman for whom he had taken Vera, and that loss is, to some, the most irreparable of all. To most men all this would have been a mere episode, painful enough at the time, but to be looked back upon by and by with a sentimental, half pleasant regret, and followed probably by many a like experience. To Brydon it was the supreme crisis which comes to some few peculiarly constituted natures and turns the current of their lives once for all. He had seen "his whole life's love go down in a day," and from this time forward he would eschew women and their wiles.

He framed no accusation against Vera in his own thoughts. He never even weighed the question with himself how far she was to blame; whether she consciously lured him on from a feminine love of conquest, which even her anxiety for her absent husband could not quench; or whether she simply turned to him as a refuge from her lonely pain and suspense, heedless in pure innocence of what the consequences to him might be. He would have liked to think so, but her conscious, self-reproachful manner betrayed her. She was too mature, too much a woman of the world, to have been unaware along what "primrose path of dalliance" she was leading Brydon; rather was she one of those women who, without ever overstepping the bounds of decorum, would break men's hearts for friendship's sake. These thoughts lay like a stone at the bottom of his heart. He refused to take them up and look at them, but closed that chapter of his life and laid it away with his dead youth.

He thought never to hear of Mrs. Smith again, once the village gossip about

her sudden disappearance should have died away; but one morning, just two years after, a square envelope in her large marked handwriting, lying on his breakfast-table, sent the blood back to his heart and made him turn white like a girl.

It was a friendly letter, ignoring all that had been, except his kindness. They had returned from America and settled in Paris. "The intellectual life here suits Sergius," she wrote, "nature never meant him for a conspirator. We have done with plots, and I fear we shall never see our unhappy country again. But we are quite safe, respectable members of society now, and our friends need not be afraid to visit us. Won't you run over for a fortnight? Sergius would be charmed to show you the new scientific museum in which he is at present immersed, and I shall delight to talk over old days and Barnicoats. Who lives in my little cottage now?"

With a sudden impulse he dashed off a hasty letter of acceptance. Why should he not go? Why, for the sake of an old forgotten folly, should he cut himself off from ever looking into those strange gray eyes again, or hearing that voice whose tones vibrated still in his memory.

He went to his work with an alertness in his step and a brightness in his eye

which made several of his patients opine that the doctor had had some money left him. Coming home, he took, almost involuntarily, the turning by Barnicoats lane. Lately, much to Rajah's chagrin, he had kept to the high road from Up Wandle. The cottage was still empty, as it had been these two years. The neglected creepers trailed sadly over the fantastic chimneys, and the yellow leaves of the poplars lay in a thick carpet over the unswept, unmown grass. The door stood ajar, and one of the hinges was broken. Adam dismounted, and hitching the reins over the hook in the wall, pushed it open. It yielded, with the same rasping scroop over the stones he remembered so well. The old sound woke into sudden sharp agony the smoldering pain. Here he had stood with her hand against his lips one blessed moment, and here, on this self-same spot, he had lifted up his eyes and seen how he had been fooled. He went no further. Slowly, and with head down-bent, he rode homeward.

He went straight to his study. There, on the table, gleamed white in the twilight the letter he had written in the morning. Without emotion—as though it were a matter of no moment—he tore it across and across, and threw the fragments into the fireless grate.

**B**ENJAMIN FRANKLIN was dining with a small party of distinguished gentlemen, when one of them said, "Here are three nationalities represented. I am French, and my friend there is English, and Mr. Franklin is an American. Let each propose a toast." It was agreed to, and the Englishman's turn came first. He rose, and, in the tone of the Briton bold, said, "Here's to Great Britain, the sun that gives light to the nations of the earth!" The Frenchman was rather taken aback at this; but he proposed, "Here's to France, the moon

whose magic rays move the tides of the world!" Franklin then rose with an air of quaint modesty and said, "Here's to George Washington, the Joshua of America, who commanded the sun and moon to stand still—and they stood still!"

**WHEN** tossed on the angry waves of a sea of trouble, a good motto is, "Never give up the ship." But, when the ship manifests a tendency to sink, it is a wise move to swim out and not go down with the wreck.



## APRIL-FOOL—A CHARADE.

DEAR EDITH, wrote Kitty Wood to a lady friend who had hitherto presided at all the impromptu entertainments gotten up by a party of three pretty girls in P., but who was now out of town.

Dear Edith! that we miss you from our "gatherings" goes without saying, and as we promised to write you of all our "goings on" during your absence, we feel it our duty to tell you that, notwithstanding our united weepings and wailings over your departure, we have had the most delightful time imaginable since. To be sure, your non-participation was a "blot on the escutcheon" of our perfect happiness, but we did ourselves credit, nevertheless.

The girls have decided that I shall report matters, so I will begin at the beginning and relate to you an account of the April-Fool's party that we got up in a very impromptu manner the other evening.

We announced at breakfast to all the boarders in the household that a little entertainment had been provided for the "family and friends," to which every one was "respectfully invited." Performance to begin at eight o'clock precisely. No reserved seats.

Dr. Bird, Captain Merrill, Paul Roth, with Katharine Derwent, Kate Grant, and your humble servant comprised the *dramatis personæ* for the little comedy, while Mrs. Bird and Dr. Wade helped us out in the quadrille, which was introduced in the second scene.

We arranged seats for the audience in the front parlor, and used the back parlor for our stage. We hung a curtain between the folding-doors, borrowed standing lamps for side-lights, coaxed Mrs. Roth to loan us her beautiful Japanese screen, and with some pretty *bric-à-brac* set a very attractive scene.

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Dr. Bird suspected some sort of a "sell" at first, as he remembered it was the first of April, but we assured him that we really intended having a little play, which satisfied him, he declaring very pompously:

"I thought I'd let you know that I suspected your pranks, for I don't intend to allow you to make an 'April fool' of me."

But we did, dear Miss Edith, after all, and April-fooled not only him, either, but the whole company, in this wise: we stationed the cook's little boy Pete, who is black as a crow, at the parlor door, in a full *Dunce* suit of white—cap and all. He held a little box in one hand upon which was printed very large:

### "FOR SWEET CHARITY."

To each person who dropped in a dime or more, he handed a paper which, upon opening, proved to be a bright colored dunce cap, with an "April-fool" tag attached. Everybody laughed at the joke, put on the cap, and confessed they had been victimized.

The "charity fund" amounted to something like ten dollars, which we promptly turned over to Mrs. Bird for her children's hospital, with that forgettable Latin sentence—you know, about the "end justifying the means."

The charade was as follows:

### ACT I.

#### APRIL.

*Curtain rises, discovering Miss Grant and Miss Derwent in street costume.*

*Miss Grant:*

What delightful April weather  
For our promenade together!

Surely such a day as this,  
Our new gowns 'll not be amiss.  
Don't you think my hat is sweet?  
And my jacket, too, is neat?

*Miss Derwent (admiringly):*  
'Tis indeed! and see my gloves,  
Aren't they a pair of loves?  
And this parasol, just see  
How becoming 'tis to me.

[*Twirls parasol and walks up and down.*]

The brightest month of all the year  
Is April, surely—

*Enter Miss Wood, with parasol drenched, hat and feathers wet, and in a sad state of the effects of rain generally.*

*Miss Wood (in distress):*

Dear! Oh! dear!  
See in what a wretched plight  
I have fallen! what a fright  
This costume is, and oh! dear me!  
Shall I e'er be fit to see!  
This horrid rainy April weather  
Has ruined me from heel to feather!

[*Sits down and cries.*]

*Miss Grant and Miss Derwent together in dismay.*

Baining! Oh! these April showers  
Spoil spring costumes—

*Miss Grant:*

But bring spring flowers.

*Miss Derwent (looking out of window):*

Yes, and rainbows, too, for see  
To our rescue, here come three.

[*Miss Wood jumps up and endeavors to make herself presentable, as enter Dr. Bird, Captain Merrill, Paul Roth, each with umbrella.*]

Ah! 'twas no ill wind blew this rain,  
And our coming's not in vain,  
If it lends a helping hand—  
Or umbrellas, rather—at your command.  
[*Offer umbrellas.*]

*Miss Grant:*

Thanks, Doctor, but perhaps 'twill clear,  
You'd better wait—for sunshine—here.

*Captain Merrill:*

'Tis always shining, where you are!

*Paul Roth:*

'Tis better here, than out, by far.

*Dr. Bird (taking out an envelope from his pocket):*

Well, ladies, we have called to ask  
What your sweet will is, what our task  
Which this missive seems to say,  
We each must perform, aye or nay.

*Miss Derwent:*

Oh! how very, very kind,  
We are just about to find  
Some good excuse for seeing you  
This afternoon; we have in view—

*Miss Grant:*

A little dance in masquerade,  
For our new hospital's good aid,  
And your part, it is simple quite.

*Miss Wood:*

Very; you have to "make up" like a  
fright,  
And dance a fool's quadrille—

*Captain Merrill:*

Indeed!

And who this April dance will lead?

*Dr. Bird:*

The biggest fool perhaps—that's me!

*Miss Derwent:*

The one who hides, successfully,  
Himself, beneath the "motley wear,"  
He shall be leader of the fair!

*Miss Wood:*

Remember 'tis for charity,  
And you, and you, and you, and me,  
Both big and little, 'tis the rule,  
We each must dress ourselves—a fool!

*Captain Merrill:*

Ah! well, perhaps we'll dress our parts  
Outside, to match our foolish hearts.

*Paul Roth:*

Or prove how dress our station tells  
In fitness of the cap and bells!

*Miss Derwent:*

Then we may count upon your aid  
For our April masquerade?

*Dr. Bird, Captain Merrill, Paul Roth, together:*

Ay! we bow unto your rules  
And are your most obedient fools.

*Miss Grant (looking out of window):*

Raining again! Oh! April days,  
You spoil our women's whims and  
ways.

*Miss Wood:*

To say naught of our dress and bon-  
nets.

*Captain Merrill:*

And yet to her we make our sonnets,  
Like this "Oh! April airs and skies,  
Like women's ways and women's eyes,  
You are capricious, changing, blue,  
And yet, withal, enchanting, too!"

*Dr. Bird:*

Like a woman, April is a man's best  
friend,

When she accomplishes a desired end,  
For when you'd be a girl's best fella  
You offer her an umbrella.

[*All open umbrellas over the ladies and  
all sing as curtain descends*]:

Oh! April airs and April skies  
Like women's ways and women's eyes,  
Capricious, constant, changing, blue,  
A little trying, but charming too!

(*Curtain.*)

## ACT II.

### FOOL.

For this second part, the back parlor  
was cleared of all furniture, leaving floor  
room for a cotillion. Mrs. Bird and Dr.  
Wade, in a pink domino and clown's suit,  
furnished the additional couple of fools  
to complete the set.

*Dr. Bird was dressed as a harlequin.*

*Paul Roth as a court jester.*

*Captain Merrill as Bunthorne.*

*Miss Derwent, in a long white classic  
gown, represented a foolish virgin.*

*Miss Grant wore an elaborate and  
somewhat caricatured full dress of the  
period.*

*Miss Wood was attired in the character  
costume of Folly, short parti-colored skirt  
and tunic, trimmed with a multitude of  
bells.*

All wore fools' caps and bells, and each  
one was masqued.

The curtain rose to the music of the  
minuet, which the set danced gravely.  
As the dance concludes,

*Dr. Bird, removing his masque:*

I do not believe that I'll be known,  
For ne'er was there a fool full grown.  
Them "whom the gods love die," you  
know, when young.

*Miss Derwent to Paul Roth (removing  
masque):*

You did not know me, so?

Am I too ancient for a fool?

*Paul Roth:*

Nay, not for me, the classic school  
Had quite as many devotees.

*Miss Derwent:*

Fools' caps fit all, the centuries  
Of foolish virgins, stories tell,  
All ringing with the chime of bell.

*Miss Grant:*

The chime of Belles L'ridicule,  
Is a fair Nineteenth Century fool.

*Captain Merrill to Miss Wood:*

Fain would I shoot her as she flies,  
But this fair folly's masqued eyes  
Are proof against e'en Cupid's dart,  
So, Bunthorne bears an aching heart,

Miss Kitty.

*Miss Wood (removing masque):*

How did you know, pray,  
That 'twas Miss Kitty!  
Is there no way

To fool you, Captain Merrill?

*Captain Merrill:* No.

I should thro' every device know  
Miss Kitty.

*Miss Wood:*

Pray, take care, don't shout too soon!  
Before the month is out  
I'll call you "April Fool."

*Captain Merrill:*

What, me?

I do defy you!

*Miss Wood:*

Well, we'll see!

*Music plays, and all dance minuet again.*

(*Curtain.*)

## ACT III.

## APRIL-FOOL.

Parlor arranged as in first act. Japanese screen at one side, at back of stage a wire dummy female figure, which, as curtain rises, the three young ladies are discovered attiring in some of Miss Wood's clothes, hat, parasol, etc.

*Miss Wood (giving a few final touches to figure):*

My gallant Captain won't endure  
With pleasure his discomfiture,  
When he discovers what a fool  
He's made by girls just out of school!  
Now, will he, girls? It's rarest fun  
To fool him thuswise—come, let's run.

*Miss Derwent (inspecting figure):*

It has, indeed, your very air,  
And Kitty here, just fix her hair,  
A little careless.

*Miss Grant:*

Come, let's go,  
And hide before the April show  
Of fools comes off; come, Kitty, thus  
We can see him, but he not us.

[All hide behind screen.]

[Enter Captain Merrill. Sees figure at back of stage; approaches timidly.]

*Captain Merrill:*

Your note, Miss Kitty, I received,  
And I assure you, I am grieved  
That I have pained you.

[Pauses and approaches nearer figure.]

If I might  
Say more, or warmer words to-night.  
You do not answer. Will you look  
Forgiveness then? I cannot brook  
Such silence. Why are you so cool?  
Miss Kitty, hear me, I'm—

(Enter three girls; all cry together:)

A fool!

An April-fool!

*Miss Wood:*

O Captain! see,

I've proved my boasted witchery,  
That I, before the month was through,  
Would play an April prank on you.  
And though you deemed yourself so  
wise,

I've fooled you in this girls' "device!"

[All laugh. Captain looks chagrined.]

[Enter Dr. Bird and Paul Roth.]

*Dr. Bird:*

Why, what is this? You seem to be  
Quite jocular. What new frenzy  
Has seized your brains? Now, girls,  
confess

You're up to some new prank or mess,  
To which you invite our aid.

*Paul Roth:*

To me

It has the look of comedy.

*Miss Wood (laughing heartily):*

Yes—private theatricals—a farce,  
In which this warlike Captain Mars  
Played a new part.

*Miss Derwent:*

Kitty, for shame!

Doctor, we only played a little game  
On Captain Merrill. It's April first,  
And he has been a victim.

*Captain Merrill:*

Worst

Sell, of which I've been the tool,  
Behold in me—an April-fool!

(Curtain.)

This ended the charade, which, of course, everybody guessed without using any serious mental exertion.

Afterward we cleared both parlors, had a little dance, and a *petit souper*, and I think the entertainment was a complete success.

Yours, affectionately,

KITTY WOOD.

AUGUSTA DE BUNA.

TO know others is the only way to know ourselves. To find other men and women better and nobler than we will teach us humility; to find them

poorer in worldly goods, harder-nurtured, more encompassed with difficulties and perplexities, will teach us pitifulness, toleration, forbearance.



## MOTHERS.

### KEEPING THINGS LOOKING NEW.

"**H**OW does Anna Riley keep her things so long, and looking new, too. She doesn't have as many nice clothes as I get, but half the time I feel dowdyish beside her," said a young friend to a relative of the said Anna Riley.

"I think," returned Aunt Grace, "that Anna has a genius for taking care of her things, and it amply repays her for the time and pains expended upon her wardrobe.

"When you have once gotten things in good repair it is easy to keep them so. You tell me you have had two black silks since Anna bought hers, and I see you are needing a new one. Anna *never* brushes hers, as you are now doing, with a stiff, bristly clothes-brush. Neither does she use a whisk broom, unless very lightly.

"Her brush is a piece of coarse, black flannel. Before brushing the dress is hung out in the air, in the shade. The wind blows much of the dust from the fabric. If muddy, the mud is gently rubbed off and a little alcohol or ether will remove even bad stains. I have seen her use strong black coffee.

"In buying the silk care was taken to select not too stiff an article, which would split, or flimsy, soft goods.

"In the making and trimming a plain style was selected, as in this age fashions do change so rapidly as to remind one of the old almanac picture of the farmer sitting one hot day upon a rail-fence, under the shade of an apple tree in full fruitage.

"Another farmer coming from the town, perspiring and in a 'run,' passes by, carrying a band-box.

"'Stop and rest yourself, man, you'll get a sunstroke,' urged he who took his ease.

"'Can't do it,' bawled the fast traveler, increasing his speed; 'got my wife's new bonnet in this box, an' I'm fear'd to stop, as the fashion might change before I get

home, if I stopped to rest. I want Sary Ann to get it while it's the first cut, for I'm proud of a stylish helpmeet.'

"Fashions change often, and the most indifferent woman does not desire to make herself too 'odd' looking by wearing an old-fashioned gown.

"Fuzzy gowns go out of date quickly. Anna consults her form, knowing there are styles which will make her look like a 'fright,' while others are *really* becoming.

"Then the trimming is indulged in sparingly, as the braid, or jet which is 'lovely' this year, will likely look 'horrid' in the next.

"When that trimming is ripped off, every pin and needle-hole will show, and the design of the ornament will also show upon the silk.

"Her best gowns are always hung upon holders. Nice ones may be made from wide barrel-hoops, the curve turned upward (cut as long or short as desired), covered with cloth and hung by a cord. Henrietta cloth dresses may be kept nice in this same way.

"Anna's shoes are not the fine, soft, well-shaped and made ones desired, but usually a cheap, well-shaped boot.

"Her feet look neatly and well shod, for she manages to keep them from getting soaked, and her boots stiffened with water and mud. With good polish, long after they have seen hard wear those cheap boots look new. One pair, which cost at first two dollars was worn over two years. They were as nice looking as a fellow-clerk's five-dollar boots, that were poorly cared for.

"Her gowns and wraps are hung up when taken off. Anna said it cost no extra labor to put them in their proper places then and there, and if carelessly thrown on a couch or over a chair, they soon begin to look dowdy and crumpled.

"Before hanging up a garment, she usually gives it a shake, though it looks clean.

"Hose was always smoothly folded, and gloves likewise, before being laid in the glove-box.

"Lost buttons are always replaced with strong thread, usually sewed tighter, when first purchased.

"Ribbons, even the delicate creams, pinks, and blues are carefully washed.

"To wash ribbon successfully, squeeze them in a lather made of soft water and toilet soap. Don't wring them, but shake out the water, and flirt in the wind until dry. Don't iron them, but smooth with clean hands until dry.

"The ribbons are in these days an expensive item, when they are used in such profusion.

"Laces should also be folded smoothly after being worn.

"A black lace tie, worn at the neck in some way, is always in fashion. If the material be silk it will appear black and pretty so long as there is a scrap of it.

"Bonnets or hats should be kept out of the dust, and kept in a place that mice do not have access to.

"We saw a costly hat, well-covered with beautiful bird-wings taken from its place, a sad wreck.

"Mice had gnawed the wings, and made of those birds sad work.

"Another 'fine bonnet' came to destruction by being laid upon the parlor-table, where pussy soon spied it.

"She attacked the 'bird' while everybody was out of the room, and the guest was horrified to find her bonnet in 'ruins' while pussy savagely clawed the wreck. Moral:

"Take care of things if you would keep them fresh and new looking."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

#### BOYS' CLOTHES.

TO the average mother who is not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods the question of providing clothes for the small boys is often a serious one. How can we clothe them on a small sum so they shall be neat, warm, and comfortable? The single items of shoes and stockings which *must* be purchased are no small ones, but when we add to that the expense of ready-made suits, the picture is truly an appalling one. Many economical mothers think it does not pay to

make the boys' clothes at home when they can be purchased so cheaply at the tailor's. But if cheap in price they are also cheap in quality. The manufacturer, the wholesaler, and the retailer must have their profit, and the labor must also be paid for. So when we come to the actual cost of the materials they are trifling compared with the cost of the finished suit.

Any mother who has a sewing-machine and time to sew can make the little suits better and cheaper at home with the aid of the paper patterns. Indeed, it seems strange that so many will purchase the cheap ready-made suits for their boys, when for the same amount they can procure good, honest material, serviceable trimmings, and have plenty of pieces left with which to repair the little clothes when close contact with trees, fences, rough boards and other evils incidental to the small boy's existence shall have done their sure work.

Those favored mortals who can take their sons a large establishment and have them fitted to the best and highest-priced garments will not be interested in reading this article. But there is a vast army of mothers over all the land who would be glad to make their boys' clothes if they only knew how.

If we wish to make a suit for a boy of seven, which will be both stylish and serviceable for summer, we will purchase three yards of fine navy-blue twilled flannel. The very best quality, twenty-seven inches wide, can be procured for fifty cents per yard. Patterns for jacket and pants will cost forty cents. In purchasing a jacket pattern it is well to buy a plain one, then plains can be put on to suit the fancy. For instance, if you wish to make a Norfolk jacket, cut the cloth the desired length, lay the plaits and stitch them firmly in place and baste them perfectly flat. Then lay the pattern on the cloth and cut out the garment. With a little ingenuity one pattern will answer for almost any kind of a jacket.

The little knee-pants are readily cut by paying attention to the directions on the patterns. Great care should be taken to have them cut correctly and the notches meet exactly. The best reel silk, not too fine, should always be used for the sewing, and the stitch on the sewing-machine be short and even. The old adage, "that

which is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is very applicable here. It surely does not pay to make slop work of the boy's clothing.

Line the jacket with satin the shade of the cloth; line the short pants with thin unbleached cloth, they wear better, fit better, are warmer for winter and cooler for summer if lined. For the inside band through which the button-holes are made, buy one-quarter of a yard of waterproof facing, double it and turn the folded edge down one-eighth of an inch and stitch. This makes a stay on the edge above the button-holes. For a suit of navy-blue flannel use small smoked pearl buttons, and be sure that the sewing silk is black; when they are washed the wisdom of this will be obvious. The navy-blue flannel dyed in the wool will not fade, but if stitched with blue silk after one or two washings the effect would be striking.

For summer wear the boys must have plenty of cambric shirt waists. Nothing looks neater than the freshly-ironed cambric with the little, well-fitting knee pants. Nearly every mother in the land can keep her boy clothed neatly if she possesses any skill whatever with her needle and scissors, and at a small expense. It may not be possible for her to clothe him always in garments new and fashionably made, but at least he can be kept whole, neat, and reasonably clean. These shirt waists can be purchased at various prices but can be made at home much cheaper. Two yards of yard-wide cambric or two yards and a half thirty inches wide, will make a waist tucked or plaited as the fancy desires, with sufficient left to make the collar and cuffs three-ply. Buy a plain pattern, lay the plaits in the cloth before cutting; stitch them. Then lay the pattern on and cut. For the waist-band to which the buttons are sewed, double the cloth twice. For the buttons for the waist-band the brass pant buttons which can be purchased for thirty cents per gross are very suitable, as they are flat and will easily pass through the wringer without being wrenched off, and have the advantage of having four large eyes through which a large button cord will pass. A boy, to be kept looking neatly, will need from eight to ten for summer wear, and they can be made fancy or plain as desired. They can also

be made in precisely the same way of flannel, and if lined are warm enough for winter.

In making the boys' clothing at home do not forget the overcoats. Purchase good all-woolen goods both for outside and lining. Give shoddy the cold shoulder, for the best is certainly the cheapest. Do the work in a thorough manner, give the garment a tailor finish, and you will feel amply repaid for your trouble. After one year's wear compare it with the overcoat of your neighbor's boy, purchased ready-made at the clothier's for double the money.

Pretty stylish little caps can also be made at home for a little or nothing which will compare favorably with those costing a large sum. Full directions for making come with the patterns.

Now we reach a very important part of this article, viz., making new clothes out of old ones. The matter of making new jackets from old coats we will pass over very lightly. We think in our family that it is better to make both the cast-off coats and trousers into the little knee-pants than to bother with the jackets.

But the little pants are so easily made from the discarded larger ones that it is almost a pleasure to go about them. No forlorn tramp ever goes away smiling from our door hugging the cast-off clothing of our lord and master to his shabby coat.

Every garment should be saved, carefully ripped, washed, and pressed. Then the patterns laid on, being careful to avoid the worn places, and, lo! in a few hours the heart of the small boy rejoices in a pair of pants which are equally as good as if cut from new cloth.

How many dollars might be saved if mothers in general understood the art of making clothes for the boys at home! It certainly requires no more patience or brains than patchwork, and is far more useful. Many of our hard-worked, perplexed mothers have not the time required, but would it not be better to practice economy in that respect and use the money thus saved to hire some stout Mrs. Flarety for the washing and scrubbing? The head can be made to save the heels many times and, no doubt, in many homes in our land money is spent in cheap ready-made clothes for boys

which could be saved toward hiring a stout Bridget for the work which the overtaxed mother is obliged to do. It seems quite as necessary that the mother of a family of boys should understand utilizing the cast-off clothing for her sons as that she should understand bread-making. Every little economy which will prevent the drain on the family purse should be faithfully practiced in the household, and the mother in affluent circumstances who has no need of economy in such matters should see to it that no cast-off men's clothing shall be-

come food for the moths in her house. But rather she will cast her eyes around to see on whom she can bestow them, where they will be sure to be utilized and the small boys of some hard-working, deserving mother will have their hearts gladdened and their bodies made warm and neat at slight expense and trouble. In this manner she will help inculcate the new lessons of charity which we are just learning, viz., to help those who are willing to help themselves, and teach the indigent that a dime saved is better than a dime earned.

ALICE CARNE.

**WORK.** The perfectly natural and healthful person desires work—that is, he finds it a positive delight to employ his energies in the accomplishment of some aim, he rejoices in the consciousness of expending force for some cherished purpose. It is not only that he looks forward to the result to be attained, though that is of course included; besides this, he feels a rich glow of joy in the work itself. The woodman whistles gayly, and puts forth his superabundant strength as he hews down his tree; the merchant is glad to spend energy on his business project; the astronomer works tirelessly over a difficult problem, thrilling with the inspiration of his work; and the author adds new pages to his manuscript with a sense of satisfaction that would be incomplete without this source. In all these cases the end to be attained is and should be the prominent motive. but just as long and as far as the labor itself is a joy will its quality be improved and the end most fully realized.

**HABITS AND MOTIVES.** In all moral progress there are two distinct elements—habits and motives. While these require simultaneous training and exercise, they lie on different lines, and need to be discriminated in any system of training or self-discipline. Much confusion and wasted labor sometimes result from not keeping this clearly in mind. It is one thing to induce a person to do a certain thing; it is quite another to get him to desire to do it from some noble motive.

There is no question about the latter being far the more excellent and permanent thing to effect; but it is also far more difficult; and many persons, finding their influence in this respect unavailing, discontinue all efforts in despair.

**GOOD MORAL HABITS.** Habits of industry, attention, regularity, order, obedience should be formed long before the child can understand their import, or know why they should be practiced. Gradually he will come to see their value, and will continue to observe them from other and better motives which at first could have had no effect. Just as we teach him to walk or to read, simply by causing him to make the appropriate effort repeatedly, until it becomes easy and natural, so good moral habits must be formed by the same process if the character is ever to acquire stability and strength.

**LIGHT.** Everywhere, in the natural, no less than in the moral world, Light is the great life-bringer. Without it, there is no permanent and deep-lying beauty. Well may all nations, in all ages, have called wisdom by the name of Light, error and ignorance by the name of Darkness, and transferred the names of Light and Brightness to whatever is happy and holy.—*Leo H. Grindon.*

It is said that camphor is offensive to mice, and will keep them away from places where it is scattered about.



## BOYS AND GIRLS.

### THE "STORMY DAY CABINET."

OUR "Stormy Day Cabinet" is a valued household help to peaceful hours, though they may not be bright ones when the rains descend and the chill winds blow and restless young people are wont to let themselves be heard, and most unpleasantly, because "time hangs heavily" when "weather bound."

Our "Stormy Day Cabinet," so named by one of the young people loving high-sounding names, was originally a "square" piano packing-box, neatly shelved, planed, and sand-papered until smooth, then stained a dark walnut.

Three young people have labeled two shelves, each with their own name, and keep upon them treasures dear to their hearts, arranged in the style that pleases them best.

A handsome cretonne curtain, suspended from a brass rod, conceals the contents of the cabinet, and four stout casters firmly fastened at each corner on the lower end of the box makes it movable.

On no account is the curtain of this cabinet to be lifted, unless to take out or replace an article except upon rainy days or intensely cold ones, when young people must stay in-doors.

Our "cabinet" has proven to be a veritable wonder box, its pleasures have not yet been allowed to pall by much familiarity.

For the baby of the household we have provided a goodly supply of empty spools, large and small, toothpicks, clean red and white corn-cobs, and tin box of large buttons.

The twine from various packages brought into the house is saved and wound into a ball, then added to this collection, with a tightly-sealed bottle of gay-colored beans and shells, bundle pine twigs and kindlings split evenly and same length, with a tiny tin basin, and a bag of white sand.

Mabel's "own" treasures consist of a bundle of gay-colored scraps—paper,

cambric, print, muslin, or woolen goods, scarlet, pink, yellow, green, purple, with more delicate tints, a pair of blunt scissors, half-dozen spools bright colored basting threads, odds and ends of zephyrs, crochet needle, and a quantity of beads in various sizes.

Of course there are dolls and dishes and patterns for "cute" little garments, and other articles dear to the heart of little maidens.

A motley collection truly belongs to our biggest boy. Bits of wood, mineral, a few soiled postage stamps, hammers, nails, tacks, planed boards, gay advertising bills and picture cards, bits of leather, and many balls of twine, with moist clay for modeling, and box of water-colors (cheap paints).

For general use there is a square of dark table oil-cloth which may be spread upon the carpet when the modeling, painting, or dressmaking is being done, and baby, with a gurgle of delight, plays with the clear white sand brought from the sand-hills which rise glittering in the sunlight on the shore of Lake Michigan, near the piers at Michigan City.

Costumes for the numerous dolls, unique in design and contrasted colors, are manufactured upon this large piece of oil-cloth by the happy little modiste, though the skies may be leaden, and "wonderful" figures, human and animal, are modeled by our artist, who is not unhappy over the result of his labors, though the pig may be larger than the elephant, and the head of "grandpa" may resemble a Satyr's.

And so the rainy days go on, spent in helpful play. Grand castles, humble cabins, fences, cribs, etc., are built of the kindlings, twigs, toothpicks, with the spools for turrets.

Soldiers parade, waving banners, gayly attired ladies view sham battles and mounted knights, and speeches are given in grand style by the small orators.

In just such innocent amusement tastes have been formed which in later years proved to be a mainstay to the man

or woman who found "life real" and earnest and little time for "play" or sentiment.

A brave little woman who, until deprived of the tender care which had been lavished upon her until nearly thirty, found poverty was her portion one bitter day.

Untrained and unfitted for real work, she used her love of doll dressmaking in her need.

Thanks to her love of making pretty things for her numerous family of dolls, dressmaking "came handy."

With a will she went to work, succeeding so well that to-day she earns monthly sixty dollars in a large establishment.

A successful artist, the only talented member of the family, was first drawn to cultivate art by experimenting with a box of cheap water-color paints, given him when a little lad.

The love of coloring and painting grew as the years sped on, and he, in spite of much opposition, studied long and well, making for himself an honored place in the artistic world.

Make the stormy days happy for the little ones. Sweet memories of home are precious legacies to men and women when far from the home nest.

Sick and wounded men have found their pain lessened when lying in hospitals among kindred sufferers, as tender memories of the dear old days carried them back to those rainy days when mother smiled so sweetly upon her brood as they gathered about their treasures, little heeding the "wailing winds" and "weeping clouds" or darkened skies.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

### PEGGY'S BULLET.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

"I'M goin' to give 'em my porringer," said Ben Niles, to his little sister Peggy.

"You may if you want to," said Peggy, stoutly, "I sha'n't give 'em mine."

Peggy was only five years old, but she had decided views, as we shall see.

The children were sitting beside a little brook close by their father's plain farmhouse in Charlestown, New Hampshire. Peggy was hugging a nice pewter porringer, which was her special pride. Ben

had had one also, but he had just given it to his father to melt up into bullets for the army. Ben thought that Peggy ought to give her porringer to be made into bullets, too. So did Mr. Niles.

"Where's that other porringer?" he had said to his wife, coming in, in a great hurry, that morning. "I mean that one Peggy uses."

Mrs. Niles hesitated. "She doesn't want to give it up," she said, after a moment.

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Niles, who was a fiery patriot. "We can't stop for children's notions! Where's the porringer? The men need bullets, and all the lead in this house is going to make them."

Mrs. Niles went to the cupboard in which the porringer was usually kept, but it was missing. Peggy had "foreseen the evil," and had hidden her precious bowl among the broken crockery in her own special "cubby-shelves," out beside the brook. It was near them that Ben was reasoning with her now. His father, after hunting awhile fruitlessly, had said he couldn't wait any longer. "Send Ben with it when you find it"—and had gone as fast as he could, over to the big house close by, where General Stark's men, with a single pair of molds, were making bullets. He had with him his clock-weights and all his spoons and everything else made of lead that he could find in his house; but he did not have Peggy's porringer.

"I didn't think you was so mean!" said Ben, with the freedom of speech which "big brothers" in all ages have used on occasion toward younger members of the family.

"I am not mean," rejoined Peggy, stubbornly.

The fact was that Peggy had had an experience which the rest of the family, though they had heard the child speak of it, had not appreciated. About three months before, Peggy's mother had been very ill, and Peggy had been sent over to her Aunt Mary's house upon the banks of the Hudson, where she had stayed nearly four weeks, until her father had come in one sunny May day, and said, "mother's better, Peggy. She wants to see her little girl, and I've come to take you home."

Peggy was glad to go home, but still she had had a very good time at Aunt Mary's.

Peggy was a bright and very pretty little girl. Her curly hair was nut-brown and her big dark eyes were shaded with long, golden-brown lashes. Everybody had a kind word for her, and the little girl was in a fair way to be spoiled.

One day while she had been at Aunt Mary's a party of British officers had ridden through the town. One of them was young Captain Lœwen, a handsome Hessian, who served under Colonel Baume. Another was Lieutenant Millwyn, a fine young Englishman, who belonged to brave General Fraser's division. The young officers were dressed in gay red uniforms and were full of spirits, as they pranced along past the staring country people. Little Peggy saw them coming. She was dreadfully afraid of "the British," but she did not know that these smiling, elegant young men were "the British."

"See the little thing with her long brown hair!" said one of them.

"Isn't she an angel!" said another.

Good-natured Captain Lœwen tossed her a gold piece. Handsome Lieutenant Millwyn drove up beside her, and swung her upon his saddle in front of him and kissed her. Aunt Mary came to the door. She was frightened, and did not know but the young officers, in their gold lace and glittering epaulets, were going to ride off with her pretty little niece.

As for Peggy, their presents and their kisses and their flattering words had quite captivated her. She thought they were much the nicest people that she had ever seen. Quite unwillingly she let the officer swing her to the ground again, when Aunt Mary called, "Peggy! come here quick!" and she stood looking after them as long as she could see them.

When she finally went into the house. Aunt Mary took her by the shoulders and shook her.

"You little ninny!" she said. "Don't you know those were British officers! Why, they would shoot down your father or your Uncle Daniel here, like dogs, if if they could."

"I don't believe it!" cried Peggy.

"But they would!" insisted Aunt Mary. "They came over here to America on purpose to do just such things. They are riding through town now, I suppose, just to find out if we have any defenses here—to 'spy out the land,' as it says in the Bible."

"They're good men an' I like 'em," said Peggy, stubbornly; and after that in her secret heart, though Peggy said nothing about it to any one, she was one of the stiffest of little Tories.

And this was the reason, though Ben did not know it, why Peggy was not going to give her porringer to be melted up into bullets with which to shoot the British.

"You're too stingy to live!" went on Ben, endeavoring to show Peggy to herself in the light in which he beheld her. "You aint no business to be an American girl at all."

"Bullets kill folks," remarked the wise little girl, with a toss of her nut-brown head.

"I'm in hopes that some of my porringer will kill some of the British," said Ben, composedly.

Peggy shuddered. What if that beautiful young man who had given her the gold-piece should drop on the battle-field with a bullet in his heart—a bullet made out of Ben's porringer!

"I don't want to kill folks," Peggy went on, warmly.

"It depends on the folks," Ben argued, with the air of a judge. Ben was eleven years old, and very intelligent, and he went on to state the case of the Colonists, as he understood it, in language as strong as he could command. At last, he saw that Peggy was affected.

"Come, now, Peggy," he said, in his most wheedling tones, "aren't you goin' to give father your porringer after all this?"

"N-no," declared Peggy, slowly, yet visibly weakening. "But—but—I'll tell you what I'll do. You take the sharpest blade of your jack-knife, Ben, and you may cut off a little slice around the rim—just enough for one bullet. I'll let 'em have one bullet—just one."

Peggy heaved a long, tremulous sigh. One bullet for duty—a dozen kept at home for love!

Ben argued a little longer, but finding that she was not to be moved he promised to take only as much as, in his judgment, was enough for one bullet, and not to tell where the porringer was hidden, if Peggy would bring it out.

Having assured herself that Ben was sincere, Peggy produced her precious bowl from the back part of her "cubby," and Ben proceeded to pare off as much as he

thought proper. In point of fact, he pared off enough for two bullets, but he never told Peggy of this. Perhaps he did not mean to take so much, but the molds turned out two bullets, the men said, from the paring of lead that he cut off Peggy's porringer.

When he came back from the farmhouse where the men were at work, he told Peggy that he had waited to see the bullet made.

"It has a P and an N scratched on it—real deep, too," he said, "scratched 'em myself, and I gave it to Mr. John Herrick—he happened to be there."

Peggy had seen Mr. Herrick. He was a friend of her father's. If anybody was going to have her bullet to shoot British with, she would just as soon Mr. Herrick would have it as anybody. Still, she worried a good deal about it. She did not want to have any British soldier hurt with that bullet.

The men marched away, and the war kept on.

It was the morning of a bright, warm day in August, when the men and women in Charlestown heard a dull rumbling along the ground, like a sound of distant thunder. All day, more or less, the rumbling kept on. Sometimes it amounted to a roar. The old men looked at one another.

"There's cannon firing somewhere," they said. It sounded as though the noise came from across the Green Mountains, and sure enough it did.

The next day a messenger, his horse all foam-covered and dusty, rode through the village.

"There's been a big battle at Bennington," he said. "Stark's beat the varmints out o' sight o' land. Hooray!"

But little Peggy—poor little Tory that she was! cried, and crept off by herself, and took her porringer in her lap, looking at the shining surface, with its irregular edges, where Ben's knife had pared off a bullet for the fray. Maybe it had killed somebody among those kind and gentle young men she had liked so much! And tender-hearted little Peggy cried again.

Then a strange thing happened. Mr. Herrick had come home just to stay a day and a night. He brought messages from

all the Charlestown men who had gone in his regiment. When he went back, he was to take many more, and all sorts of parcels for them—as many as he could load on his horse. The men all gathered at Mr. Pyle's store in the middle of the village to hear him talk about the battle of Bennington. The women were so anxious to hear that they flocked in, too. Mrs. Niles came, and she brought Peggy and held the child in her lap.

In short, quick, homely sentences, Mr. John Herrick told the story of the fight—how Baume and his men had done damage at Cambridge and then had come on and pitched their camp on a knoll by the river; then how the different generals had been distributed—how Colonel Stickney, Colonel Hobart, and his own cousin, Colonel Herrick, in whose regiment he was, had combined together to approach Baume from different sides. Then how they had begun the battle—entrapping Baume and his men. Mr. Herrick had his good gun in his hand as he talked. He had been cleaning it at the store.

"I tell you," he said, rapping its barrel, "this old gun did some tall work there. I never loaded and fired so fast in my life. I picked off the officers"—Mr. John Herrick was a famous marksman—"and I laid two or three on 'em low, I tell ye. There was one splendid-lookin' fellow named Loewen—or Lurrin or Lewin—or something like that—a captain. I hated to do it, but he was near, and I had to. Why, Peggy, I believe it was the very bullet that was made out of your porringer that I shot him with."

Peggy was sobbing on her mother's neck.

"She hedn't orter be listenin' to such stories," said one of the women. "It's too bloody an' cruel for children. She's that tender-hearted she can't stan' it, Mis' Niles."

They did not know that little Peggy was mourning for her friend—the beautiful young Hessian who had given her the gold-piece. She had heard the young men call each other by their names. She could not pronounce them for Aunt Mary—but she knew, as soon as she heard Mr. Herrick stumbling over the German name, that it was the same one which the kind young Hessian's comrades had



called out so loud and gay that pleasant spring day. Killed by her bullet! Oh! if she only had not given it to Ben!

"You orter be real pleased," said Peggy's mother, shaking the child a little impatiently, as she prepared to follow the neighbor's advice and take her home. "You orter be pleased to have any Hessian killed after the way our men was treated at the battle of Long Island!"

But Peggy only sighed heart-brokenly on. Somehow, she could not tell her mother anything about her feelings, nor Ben either; but she would take out the gold-piece which the young man had given her, and through which her father had bored a hole so that she could hang it around her neck, and then she would think about the cruel death of that laughing, merry young man, and how her bullet had done it.

One of the neighbors had occasion shortly after this to go over to Bennington on some business. He meant to go in one day if he could, spend the night there, and return next day. In point of fact, he was gone three days, for the roads were heavy and it was a long, long ride. This man wanted a boy to go along to help him, and so he asked Mrs. Niles if he could take Ben. She was willing, and Ben was delighted to go. When he got back, he had a great story to tell. He had had a chance the next morning after he had reached Bennington to go up to the battle-ground with a party of boys, and they had had a great time wandering over it and in the vicinity. Since the horse had been so tired that the return to Charlestown was postponed a day, Ben had had time to stay several hours, and had seen Van Schaick's mill and the Cata-mount tavern, and the intrenchments on the hill, which the American soldiers had charged without bayonets, "a thing unheard of," says "Carleton."

Ben had a pocket full of bullets and buttons and such things—among them, a penknife, which he had picked up on the

battle-field, and he handed these things around now for keepsakes. He had a section of a little tree in which a bullet had imbedded itself. It had not been able to get quite through the tough little trunk, but the smooth hole showed on one side, and the "bulge" on the other.

"I'm goin' to dig that bullet out," said Ben. "I haven't had time before."

He sat down in front of the fire, for it was a brisk September evening, and dug away to get the bullet. As it dropped out and rolled on the floor, Peggy picked it up. Then she cried out joyfully.

"What's the matter?" said Ben.

"My bullet! My bullet!" cried Peggy, in transports; and, sure enough, on the bullet, flattened now by its contact with a knot in the wood, were the initials, P. N.

"I'm so glad that it didn't kill anybody!" she cried over and over, wiping happy tears from her eyes.

The whole village had to come and see Peggy's bullet, which had returned to cheer her soft little heart in this wonderful way. Peggy would let them look at it, but she would not allow it to be used any more. It should never go into the melting-pot again, if she could help it, she vowed in her gentle little heart. So she kept it, and kept it, and then, as the years rolled on, and Peggy grew old and died, her children and grandchildren kept it, and they handed down its story with it. For when Peggy grew to be an old lady, and her brown hair had turned to silver, she was willing to admit the Tory sentiments of her childhood, and what caused them, and to tell the story of the wonderful bullet, just as I have told it here—and as the dwellers in a certain New Hampshire town will tell it to you, if you will go there and ask for it, meanwhile showing you a flattened bullet, with the letters, almost indecipherable now, and evidently never very plain, P. N., scratched upon it, by Ben's jack-knife, more than a hundred years ago.

KATE UPSON CLARK in *Wide Awake*.

IN removing friction, in calming irritation, in promoting sympathy, in inclining the hearts of others toward, instead of against him, the speaker of kind words exerts a force much greater

than he conceives of. Results that could never be accomplished by harsh compulsion or an iron will often flow easily and pleasantly under the invigorating influence of kind words.

## HOME CIRCLE.

### HOMELY.

I RAISE my earnest protest against the idea this word has come to express—it means homelike, nothing more, nothing less; and something is essentially wrong in the domestic economy if homely and ugly must be synonymous. It seems like an approach to the time when home shall mean à la maison or *yu hause*, and thus one of our most *spirituelle* words will vanish from the ages. True, it may mean plain, unassuming, natural, but the homely face should really be a winsome one for all that; and it is no contradiction of terms to say there are also handsome, or beautiful, or exquisite homely faces. I take it the homeliness consists really in the absence of the artificial, the presence of the natural and comfortable. Our homes may be exceeding plain or modestly comfortable or exquisitely tasteful, and yet these conditions do not constitute the home any more than do face and form make the individual.

It is the pervading spirit which turns the house into the home, and this is really known only to the dwellers there except in its developments. I fear our national life is becoming more and more a society life; and no wonder, if they who bend every energy upon display, and make of the home only a means of this end, should both feel and make home homely. Oh! for the sweet homeliness of "plain living and high thinking" instead of the corruption which has come from high living and low thinking. Oh! for the sweet courtesies of life toward those who love us and are bound by heaven-ordained ties, rather than the exquisite tortures of society etiquette!

True, in the circumscribed life of home there are many disturbing elements—dispositions, interests, inclinations clash, and there is all the more need for self control, un-elfishness, patience, love. Even in many a Christian household there are pitiable bickerings and frettings, caused often by using the precious home freedom

indiscreetly. Now, home should be the unbending place; it is an incomparable rest to know we may choose clothing and posture and gesture to suit our comfort and work, without thought of criticism. And yet there is something emphatically wrong in the build of that spirit which can push this freedom to the extreme of repulsiveness; studied completeness of attire without and absolute carelessness at home, the most improved code of manners for the world's ear, and the swine's absence of manners at home. The home apparel may well be easy and simple, even plain or mended or faded, but there is a subtle something called taste which can etherealize even these; however old or plain the home dress, care should be taken to make it in a comely manner, and to have it clean when the drudgery is relaxed. A pleasant face, carefully kept hair, clean hands down to the nail ends, and a bit of dainty white at the throat, will rest tired eyes and comfort weary hearts. Our manners also may be plain and simple if only they are true and sweet. How our homes do suffer for lack of a few small words freely and often spoken! Why can we feel content to be rude to those we love? Are mother and sister less the lady than Miss Belle Societé? Who would daresay so to us? Are father and brother less the gentleman than Sir Dainty Fashion? Could we stand to hear this, either? And yet do we not often treat them as if they were the statuary or the dumb animals of our homes? A half-dozen kindly expressions sent out with a gentle voice from a true, tender heart would tend greatly to clear the home atmosphere, and still not abridge our liberty. "Please," "Thank you," "You are welcome," "Excuse me," naturally and habitually upon the home tongue, show the native lady or gentleman. "The law of kindness is under their lips." Add to these expressions some sweet home word, such as "Dear," and, trust me, the hearts that speak and the hearts that hear will grow closer and tenderer.

Only try it, though you may feel shamefaced for awhile at the novelty of the thing, and there will come into your life a sweetness you have missed; and when you go out from the home, the fragrance of those words will come back to cheer and comfort you. What endless ministries we just take for granted, day after day, not so much as realizing that thanks are due, or that it is at all necessary to the comfort of those about us to give loving acknowledgment. "They know we love them," "That we thank them." How?

O friends! if we would get back our sweet "homely" word, and keep our home life, let us save the truest, best manners for our own, even if we insist upon having two sets. P.

#### AN AFTERNOON WITH THE CHILDREN.

MRS. ALLEN is a very busy woman, not cramped for means, and occupies a desirable "niche" in the "social" world.

She "goes out" considerably and is to some degree a "slave to society's demands," yet the "mother heart" leads her to find much time to look after the "children," though she may have all confidence in the faithfulness of nurse and other servants.

The afternoon in each week that mamma "talks" in the nursery, or room selected for the occasion, is hailed with delight by every one of the five boys and girls, ranging in age from twelve to baby May, who is a cute enough, though of a tender age, to think with the older ones, "Mamma Allen is a 'norful nice lady, an' it's just lovely to listen to her Tuesday talks."

They have lately learned not to touch any bottles (unless it be their own scent bottle) or taste the contents of any bottle they may see in their own home or that of a friend, unless quite sure that it contains nothing harmful.

Mrs. Allen has told them in an earnest, impressive manner that there are dangerous powders and liquids, which are sometimes left by careless hands in places that little hands can reach them. These bottles and their contents look innocent enough, but one swallow may mean death, or cruel suffering.

"Do you expect to make those children understand and remember all that dry stuff, Mary? Are you not trying to put old heads on young shoulders?" inquired a friend, a little skeptical as to the "good" of this "solemn lecture to little tots."

Said another mother who believed in "children being free from care, and kept in ignorance of all that is gloomy and dismal just as long as possible:"

"I really think, Mary, it's too bad of you to lecture those little creatures as you're doing, upon subjects they cannot possibly understand. What do they know of morphine, opium, arsenic, carbolic acid, laudanum, etc.? You'll have them solemn little men and women, and real bores. You're the one to do the watching. Keep all dangerous things out of their reach."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Allen, "that is a duty. I certainly try to keep out of my home such poisons, but accidents will occur, guard we ever so carefully against them."

"Words of kindly reproof, or warning against certain harmful results, from the doing or not doing certain things, given me by my own mother when I could scarcely speak plainly, have been remembered vividly by me all my life long. In a gentle, loving way she told me, one day as we walked in a beautiful forest, 'never to gather or eat the berries or seeds of any plant, no matter how pretty, unless I *knew* to a certainty what it was.' It was not hard for me to understand that if I ate such things, they might cause me dreadfully severe pain."

"Upon one occasion, she took me quite a long walk to see a little girl of my own age whose face and eyes were badly poisoned from handling the poison ivy."

"I have never forgotten it, or that the week before I had begged to be allowed to gather some of the 'pretty vine' as we walked beside a thrifty, beautiful poison ivy."

"I know now that my mother gave up a pleasant drive to take me to see the 'poisoned little girl.'"

"I grew up, loving intensely the fragrant and beautiful blossoms, vines, grasses, etc., yet afraid to tamper with varieties unknown."

"You will, no doubt, think still more

strangely of my queer ideas when I tell you that I am now teaching my little flock that there are different poisons. A corrosive poison will burn the throat and stomach, also alkalis and insensible ones.

"In the future, little hands will be trained to mix antidotes, and write them out in their own private recipe book.

"This 'dry talk' is given just as plainly and simply as I can tell it. They seem to enjoy our afternoons, count eagerly the days between times.

"Only last week five-year-old Freddie brought me a bottle of laudanum a little boy across the street had brought over, proposing to play 'doctor.'

"Mamma," said Fred, "Leon wants me to get the scarlet fever, and he'll come to see me, look at my tongue, and then give me a spoonful of this medicine, just as their doctor cures his mamma.

"I was going to be sick, an' take it, but Carrie said I'd forgot mamma says for us never to take anything from a bottle unless nurse or she gives it to us, an' Leon's bottle might have something bad in it. Can I take it, mamma?"

"My heart nearly stopped beating. I was so alarmed (yet grateful for my boy's escape) at the peril he had been in.

"Leon informed me 'he had taken his bottle from mamma's room,' and I knew only too well his thoughtless young mother used for toothache creosote and laudanum, and left them carelessly any and everywhere.

"I don't think either of those boys will ever forget that laudanum will put people to sleep forever.

"One of my friends left with a young nurse her boy of four. A little girl of eight brought over some bottles of medicine (fact), and in the absence of the nurse gave her patient medicine, mixing several different kinds.

"When the parents came home they found a very sick little boy, who was only saved from death by the stomach refusing to retain such a mixture of drugs.

"When able to relate his experience, he said:

"Mamie's mamma has been sick for a long time. The doctor cured her, an' she looked at my tongue an' said it was bad, an' then got the bottles, an' said I must take my medicine every hour an' swallow

it if it was bitter, an' then I was truly sick, an' nurse was down in the kitchen. Oh! I don't want any more medicine.'

"We mean to have some good times at our afternoons. In fact, I learn quite a good many things from trying to teach them useful and practical things."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

#### A CHANGED ROOM.

NOTHING at first but a large, blank, empty room; no mantels or angles to break the dreariness. The wood-work was first painted gray by mixing white lead, lamp black, and burnt sienna to make a soft warm tint. The door-panels, moldings, etc., were striped with carmine and gold paint, using a fine sable brush. If one was an artist, rich sprays of flowers would improve the panels.

A light cream and gilt paper covered the walls. A large shelf four feet long by one wide is now fastened with brackets between two windows. It is covered with cream oil-cloth, to be easily cleaned, and a lambrequin of crazy-work and plain felt looped at one side finishes it. In a corner, between that and a window, were placed four shelves for books, eighteen inches apart, covered with oil-cloth and finished by a two-inch scallop of macramé cord, crocheted and tacked on.

Curtains are hung from mahogany poles. These are of double-faced old-gold cotton flannel with bands of crimson. One end folds over at top for a lambrequin and has a row of butterflies in tinsel above the band. A soap box for an ottoman is covered to match; has a padded cover, holds magazines, and stands by our window. Next, a table-scarf of old-gold felt. One end has a band of crimson plush with tin-el stars, the other cut in two half-points with flowers in tinsel upon each. The edges are pinked, and a pinking of crimson is placed beneath. A shoe box, high as a chair, is taken. A strip two feet wide is nailed to one side for a back and a good board fitted on for a seat, to be lifted off when opened. Crimson cotton flannel is tacked on in box plaits to cover sides. The back and seat padded full and covered to match, and a large cushion of the same laid at one end. All might be trimmed with gilt and crimson cord. It is good for holding



quilts. A scrap-bag crocheted from cream and crimson cord, gathered at the bottom with a shaded ball, is hung near our window. A photograph case is crocheted from macramé cord, fitted over a square box eight inches high, starched and when dry varnished. Trim with crimson ribbon. A thread basket to match is made over a one quart basin. A letter-case is cut from pasteboard by a dinner-plate and covered with golden felt. A "new moon" fits the lower side, is covered with crimson velvet with the word "Letters," worked with tinsel. Finish with ribbon and gilt crescents.

A paper-holder is crocheted as two open fans joined at the sides, the front larger than back. Made of macramé cord varnished. Add ribbon bows.

Tidies of white drilling are outlined with flowers of crimson. Rugs worked with crimson and gray.

#### BATHING AND BRUSHING.

**A**S years go by, the skin and hair tell the story of care or neglect.

Every intelligent mind understands that a bath at least once a week is essential to health, therefore happiness, but all may not know that a rough skin is greatly improved by more frequent ablutions.

It is said attendants in bath-houses have skins as smooth as satin—doubtless they learn and practice the art of keeping the skin clean and healthful.

The amount of time and labor for this simple hygienic performance is not great, but the thing that is difficult is to establish the habit of daily bathing and friction. This done the greatest obstacle is overcome.

The custom of a cold sponge bath on rising, followed by brisk friction, besides increasing beauty, goes far to sustain health and ward off disease. The vigor and elasticity thus imparted are known only to those who practice it, and the habit once well established will not easily be relinquished. A word of caution may be necessary, as it is not wise for all people under all circumstances to strictly adhere to this rule.

But for the well, the moderately well, and the semi-invalid beginning with warm water, if necessary, and gradually re-

ducing the temperature to cold, good results will surely follow.

As a preventive against taking cold, cold bathing is excellent.

A warm sponge bath at night, and a cold sponge bath in the morning has been my custom since eleven years of age, and to it I attribute much of the good health that has been mine to enjoy.

The many little arts to keep up the complexion, to give a sort of youthful glow to the skin were better laid aside—or never commenced—and the baths I have mentioned substituted.

Good sense is always on the side of a sure foundation, and it is better to build upon what is truly our own, securing beauty, or retaining it by natural methods than those artifices often more or less questionable.

The hair as well as the skin should receive attention if we would keep it soft and glossy. Although there is great difference in hair in these respects, brushing will help much.

I have heard the rule, an hour a day for brushing the hair, but I think a persevering practice of one-half that time will not disappoint one.

"Too much time to use in bathing and brushing?" "What that we value is acquired without time, patience, and perseverance?" Answer please, besides, do not forget "The Man Wonderful in the House Beautiful," and the personal responsibility thereby, that rests with every one.

#### MISS EXPERIENCE HARK'S DUMB SUPPER.

**N**OT know what a dumb supper is? I must say, you're strange girls, not to be up to all fortune-tellin' tricks. A dumb supper is a spell that you try on All Haller Eve night.

"You'll find out who your true love is goin' to be, an' what he looks like," explained Miss Experience, her round little face flushing slightly, as she looked into the black, blue, and hazel eyes of the three merry maidens who sat upon the home-manufactured couch in the corner of the main room in Miss Hark's prairie home, eagerly waiting to hear more of the "mysterious spells," and desirous of a peep into the future.

"Oh! do go on," said Cora Lee.

"And do tell us more," pleaded Myra Beck.

"If twarn't so silly in an old woman like me, I'd invite you here Haller Eve night, an' help try some of the spells. It's terrible hard for me to sense my forty-two years. 'Pears like I never felt so gay an' festive in my life before.

"I s'pose I hadn't best have sech doin's here. Folks will think me a candidate for the 'sylum.

"There isn't a word of truth in any of these silly spells, an' I never did try 'em only for a joke. You'd best be ser'ous-minded, instead of allus planin' sport," replied Miss Experience, severely trying to look stern.

"Now, Miss Peery, you're trying to be somebody else. This isn't our lively aunty. Do let us come and try our spells," coaxed Cora Lee.

"It's just one week from to-night," said Myra.

"Well, I s'pose I'll have to give in," said Miss Hark. "I've really no cause to look sad an' down, as this has been a year of plenty for me.

"Here I am, mistress of a good prairie farm, with a comfortable little home, an' all the conveniences about it, a good team, two cows, plenty of fruit, an' good water.

"La! la! in them old pinching days when troubles surrounded me, I never looked forward to bein' blessed as I am now.

"Yes, you can have your party. Now, scatter for home, it's my milkin' time," and Miss "Peery" took from its nail in the little kitchen the large milk "bucket," and walked briskly to the barn-yard, where "Diadem" and "Pinky" patiently stood, chewing their ends.

The girls lived not far away, as four neighbors had socially built their houses on corners of their farms, thus throwing near together their four homes.

Tears flowed down Miss Peery's cheeks as she leaned her head against Pinky's satin smooth hide. Pinky turned her head, looked with great brown eyes upon the sobbing woman, and "moo'd" sympathetically.

"O Aby, Aby!" she cried, "I've never be'n-able to keer for another man, an' for the *likin'* you, I'm left lone an' sad. I haint happy 'thout you, an' time

don't make me forgit either," she cried, and then taking the pail to the well, she cooled, then strained the milk, went into the house, and resurrecting from the bottom of an old trunk a faded picture of a lanky young man, sat down in the one armchair, pressing the picture to her lips, and so midnight found her, keeping watch over this memento of the past.

In the busy days that followed Miss Peery was her old bright self, and the preparations for the party was complete when the eve of the Halloween rolled around.

A goodly company of young people were present eager to try for a peer into the future.

Some mischievous girl had invited Widower Lacy, who had, for some time, wooed, ardently, Miss Peery, and after winding yarn, to find that nobody held, and sowing hemp seed that nobody came to mow, he was intent upon trying the water test.

Three basins of water were brought in and placed upon the table. One was filled with clean water, another with soapy water, while the third was empty.

"Now, Uncle John, after you are blindfolded you are to put your hands into one of these basins. The clean water means you are to wed a maiden, the soap-suds a widow, while the empty basin means nary a wife at all," explained a young friend.

Uncle John advanced cautiously, his face showing that he at least was in earnest. With a frantic dash he plunged his hand into the empty basin.

"Change the basins and let him try again," suggested a young girl near.

Uncle John tried again with the same disappointing result.

Crestfallen at his failure to win a bride he gave way to Miss Peery, who in a trice drew the "single man," and had to bear the good-natured congratulations of her guests.

As the hour of midnight approached two young ladies ventured to help Miss Peery "set the dumb supper."

"You see," said Miss Peery, "it's a solemn thing to do, as if one of us are to die in the coming year, our coffin will be shown us. If we are to be married our true love sits at the vacant seat beside us. Mind now, two plates, cups, spoons, glass

of water, and an egg apiece, with some salt, all carried backward, and in silence. As the clock strikes twelve we will sit down an' eat."

Miss Peery's face shone, her heart thrilled with expectation. As she secretly chided herself she felt as young as any of the girls, and sure that something unusual was about to happen.

Slowly the table was set by the trio of dumb (?) females, and the waiting watchers watched patiently the hands of the clock and listened to the twelve bell-like strokes which rang out just as a tall, care-worn man of middle age came in at the front door and walked straight to Miss Peery's side, and seating himself, began to share her repast.

"O Aby! air you in the flesh?" quaked Miss Peery, her teeth chattering, while one girl fainted and lay prone at his feet.

"It is I, Experience, my first and last love," replied Abram Bunce, in tones too firm to belong to a spirit.

With a glad cry Miss Peery, unmindful that somebody was lookin' at 'em, crept into the outstretched arms, and nestled there as if 'twas her rightful place until waked up to a sense of propriety.

"You tell 'em, Aby, how it is," said Miss Peery, laughing shyly.

"You see, friends, Peery an' me were promised lovers when we were a boy an' girl in the State of Maine.

"Somehow we had a fallin'-out. Somebody came between us an' made mischief. She was proud an' I was, too, so we jest kept gettin' farther apart every day, neither bein' willin' to knuckle or confess to bein' in the wrong.

"I went travelin', tryin' to forgit the girl that had so trifled with me, an' I've been everywhere, but the face of Peery allus stood between me an' wrong doin'.

"I went back to Maine an' found she'd been gone from there for years, an' then I traced her here.

"As I stood outside the house I heard you plannin' to try the old spell that Peery an' me used to enjoy all of thirty years ago, an' the thought came to me to surprise her by comin' in on her, as I did one Haller Eve so long ago."

This explanation was received with cheers, and late as it was, a monster fruit-cake, with baskets of grapes, pears, peaches, and apples were partaken of.

Before the last guest had gone the wedding day was set, and the young people went home delighted at the termination of Miss Peery's romance.

On the mornin' of Miss Peery's wedding day her small house was fairly hidden outside and in with the floral decorations artistically arranged by her young friends.

"I was afraid," said Myra Beck, "that gettin' married would spoil our old friend and she would never think of us again, but it's nicer than ever to go there now that Uncle Abe is there. Didn't Miss Peery steal a march upon us on Hallow Eve night?"

"It's ended just like a story, and everybody is happy," replied Cora Lee.

Aunt Peery and Uncle Aby are almost ridiculously happy, so a few pessimistic persons think.

A simpler-minded, more honest pair does not exist. Aunt Peery counts it a privilege to look after Aby's "rheumatiz," and tells repeatedly to the young folks the story of their reconciliation on Haller Eve night, after many years of estrangement, always ending with—

"Of course I don't believe in them 'spells,' but it was queer that Aby should happen along jest as I was settin' a dumb supper an' was lookin' for my true love."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

## NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

*Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers are welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information concerning any subject they wish light upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.*

### FOR THE BABY.

I DEARLY love pretty things, but in keeping with "sweets to the sweet" I think nothing is so appropriate for the loveliest of all lovely things that visit this earth—a darling little babe—as the simplest and daintiest of wardrobes. In preparing for the advent of such I recently helped a young mother to plan and execute what has been pronounced an exquisite and certainly inexpensive outfit, and will gladly describe a few articles contained in it for the benefit of other "HOME" mothers.

First of all there was the "bassinette" to be thought of, which was begun by securing a good-sized clothes-basket, twenty-three by thirty-three inches. This, after being enameled and gilded, was lined with wadding previously covered with silesia and scrim of the finest texture procurable; then came the bedding, downy and soft enough for even the tender form it was destined to hold, and last of all a canopy similar to the linings of this "jewel-case" and looped with baby-blue ribbons. For frames over which to drape the canopy one has but to gild some smoothly-planed rods, if not within reach of city stores and facilities. And just here let me tell you of an economy it is easy to practice in enameling, with no detriment to the work. First, give a coat or two of good white paint, letting it thoroughly dry before proceeding to enamel, and the cost is lessened by more than half.

For blankets we used California flannel,

which has an appearance similar to ordinary infant's flannel; these we buttonhole-stitched top and bottom, and at three inches from the top put three rows of delicately-wrought feather-stitching, all done in baby-blue silk. For a comfort, we procured cheese-cloth, which now comes in qualities as light and fleecy as gossamer, placed on one width a light sheet of wadding, and laid over this another fold of the goods, basting it closely as we proceeded. Turning in the edges we buttonhole-stitched them similar to blankets, and knotted the little comfort at short distances with No. 1 ribbon of the same shade of blue as we used throughout. These ribbons we left in little tufts of loops. Coarse silk or zephyr might have been used with good results for the knotting.

Another dainty comfort we made with daisies spangling it over, the worsted used for the "posies" being wound around a piece of card-board, and caught on at intervals. If any one would like I will describe the manner of making more minutely later.

Among other dainty belongings I think none were more babylike and suggestive of the dimpled darling than a tiny double wrapper made of this same sheer cheese-cloth, with a thin layer of wadding, of course, buttonhole-stitched around with blue silk, and with two rows of forget-me-nots embroidered near the edge, all around, save the tiny collar, on which but one row was worked. The fastenings were loops of ribbon and buttons, with long double loops of ribbon at the neck.

Still another of my "weaknesses" was a little flannel skirt with two-inch hem, feather stitched, as were also the seams; above the hem were worked in heavy embroidery silk, three rows of stemless daisies.

I inclose directions for the little sack and dainty socks which I hope may find a place among the "Notes."

I have described the few things



because they are so simple a child might almost make them, and yet a princess could not disdain them for her first-born.

VIRGINIA.

[The directions are very welcome, and shall have a place; thank you for them.]

#### PATCHWORK.

Patchwork is becoming quite fashionable once more, and to me was always enjoyable. The most interesting variety is, however, the "autograph exchange" among friends and correspondents far and near. There is but one drawback to this plan; where each one pieces and sends blocks the size is apt to vary. To some, also, the diversity of patterns would be equally objectionable. I give with this descriptions of three very pretty patterns for that kind of patchwork—"brick wall," "pincushions and cucumbers," and "wild-goose chase."

For the first pattern the sender cuts a piece of dark calico the size of a half-sheet of packet note-paper, and a strip of bleached muslin one-fourth as wide, and of the same length; on the white strip write name and address, with some sentiment if desired, and send the "brick" and strip of "mortar" to a friend who, when she has a sufficient number of "bricks" collected, supplies the remaining "mortar" and builds the "wall" at her leisure.

For "pincushions and cucumbers" each one takes a piece of muslin, perhaps ten inches square; in the centre write name, address, etc., and send. The recipient furnishes material for the "cucumbers," which are really the setting together of the quilt, as, like the first-named, it is uniform throughout. The pattern may be cut by taking four plates of the size desired; lay one upon a piece of paper and mark around it, then place the four upon this circle with their edges touching; when the "pincushion" appears even and true, mark around the inner edges of the plates, cut out the patterns, and from these cut the real patterns a seam larger all around.

"Wild-goose chase" is formed of a colored one-half square and two white one-fourth squares, a seam larger than half the one-half square. In one of the smaller triangles write a motto and the

date of writing; in the other, name and address. Set together with strips of dark calico.

ELDER'S WIFE.

#### ANOTHER "SALT-RISE" METHOD.

DEAR EDITOR:—Having profited by the many valuable suggestions contained in these columns, I should be pleased to give the way I make "salt-rising bread," hoping to benefit other housekeepers.

The last thing before retiring I take a one half gallon pail, put into it one tablespoonful of corn-meal, the same of flour, a rounding teaspoonful of salt, and a little pinch of sugar; pour over these ingredients one pint of boiling water; beat until smooth and sufficiently cooled to allow of your bearing your finger in the mixture; then put in a pinch of soda, one tablespoonful of corn-meal, and thicken to the consistency of griddle cakes. Sprinkle flour over the top and set it where it will keep warm—as warm as you can bear your hand. When it is light put sufficient soda to sweeten it (if the least bit sour) into a teacup of warm water; pour in, stir, thicken with flour; let it get very light, then mix soft—just so you can handle it—put in greased pans; grease the loaves all over, and put in an oven not so hot but that you can bear your hand upon the bottom. Kept warm, it ought to raise four or five loaves in a little over one hour. Bake three-fourths of an hour. I set mine over-night, and usually have the bread baked by ten o'clock A. M. Perfect success depends upon its being kept from the air, and warm.

I also take pleasure in contributing the following recipes. The first I have used for ten years with good results. It is far superior to many, and I feel confident of its being considered an acquisition:

BAKING-POWDER.—Six ounces of tartaric acid, eight ounces best baking soda, one quart of flour; sift five or six times through a fine sieve, so as to thoroughly mix the ingredients. Always procure the materials from a good druggist; by so doing you will obtain for fifty cents what would cost you double that sum if purchased at a grocery. Keep this powder well corked in a jar or other suitable re-

ceptacle, and use the same quantity that you would of any other "make."

**A NICE BREAKFAST DISH.**—Beat one egg thoroughly with one teaspoonful of salt, pour into it one-half pint of water; dip slices of bread in this mixture, and fry in a little butter. Serve hot, and you will find it an excellent and economical dish.

MRS. ROSA B. DAVIS.

[We are very glad to welcome you to the "HOME" housekeeping band, and hope to hear from you frequently.]

#### "HOME" LACE.

Cast on eighteen stitches; knit across once, plain.

First row—Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over, narrow over, narrow, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit one, over, knit one, over, knit two.

Second row—Knit two, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit four, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Third row—Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit two, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, knit one, over, knit two.

Fourth row—Knit two, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit three, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Fifth row—Slip one; knit two, over twice, purl two together, knit three, over, narrow, over, narrow, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit five, over, knit one, over, knit two.

Sixth row—Knit two, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit five, over twice, purl two together, knit two, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit two.

Seventh row—Slip one, knit one, over twice, purl two together, knit four, over, narrow, over, narrow, over twice, purl two together, knit ten.

Eighth row—Bind off six, knit three, over twice, purl two together, knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one, knit four, over twice, purl two together, knit two. Repeat from first row.

Never having seen any lace just like this in print, and having partially "invented" it, I venture to give it the above name. It is durable, and, I think, pretty, and one of its advantages is that, after working once through the pattern, it may be followed without the printed directions, thus making nice "catch-up" work. Have I earned the right to ask a favor? If so, will some friend kindly send "plain and unmistakable" directions for working crazy shells? I am trying to make an afghan in that stitch, and somehow cannot make it look like the one I am endeavoring to copy.

L. S. W.

[Thank you for the lace pattern, which we think all the more desirable from having been "partially invented." Directions for "crazy-shell stitch" with working sample have been sent you; write again if you have further trouble with it.]

#### "WORTH KNOWING."

**DEAR EDITOR:**—I have jotted down a few bits of my own experience which seem to me to be worth knowing, and offer them for your acceptance.

As a substitute and most agreeable change from jelly and other cake-fillings, try this: Pare two large apples, greenings preferred, core and grate them; mix with the white of an egg, beaten stiff, add sugar to sweeten sufficiently, and a spoonful of vanilla extract or other preferred flavoring.

In summer, or at any time if the fat in your doughnut kettle should become at all rancid, pare a raw potato and slice in, letting it boil for a little while; then strain off the fat carefully, wash the kettle, and put back the fat for the next frying. You will find it almost better than new lard. Should your cakes soak fat a few drops of vinegar will prevent them doing so. Be careful when pouring in the vinegar, however, else the fat will spatter.

When taking out a thimble from the chimney, preparatory to putting up a stove last fall, a lot of soot fell out upon the carpet, which is of rather delicate color. I expected that a "smooch" would be left in spite of all I could do, but hurried for the dust-pan and brush. A friend

who was visiting me, however, would not let me touch it until I had sprinkled the soot thickly with fine salt, after which it came up leaving scarcely a mark to show where it had been.

Dampened salt, sprinkled over carpets before sweeping, is an excellent cleanser and is the best thing I know of to prevent and drive moths.

MRS. J. R. BOSS.

#### "EGGLESS" COOKERY.

**SUGAR COOKIES.**—One cup of sugar, one-half cup butter, one half cup milk, one egg, one heaping teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, flavor with vanilla or nutmeg, add flour to make a soft dough; roll rather thin, bake quick. Often the excellence of cookies depends more on the baking than making; dried cookies are never satisfactory. I have followed this recipe, leaving out the egg, cream tartar, and soda, and substituting two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Found them very good.

**EGGLESS CAKE (No. 1).**—One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter (scant), one half cup of milk, three teaspoonfuls of baking-powder sifted with one and one-half cups of flour, flavor to taste. May be baked in layers or in a loaf.

**No. 2.**—A large cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk (part water will do nicely, or even for the whole if milk is not at hand), two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder sifted in three cups of flour, flavor with nutmeg and lemon extract. A cupful of seeded raisins is an improvement.

I oftener frost these plain cakes than richer ones, for the reason, I suppose, that they seem nicer so.

Chocolate filling or icing is a favorite in our family. Put a cupful of granulated sugar in a new tin basin or dipper, with four tablespoonfuls of milk; stir until dissolved, place on the stove, let boil four minutes, cut into it half a square of chocolate, boil one minute more, take off, place in a dish of cold water, and stir until nearly cool, flavoring with vanilla. If it grows too hard add a very little more milk. You will soon get the knack of making it and have no failures whatever.

Another simple and nice icing is made by beating one cup of confectioner's sugar

into the white of an egg (unbeaten), to which has been added a tablespoonful of water, or the same amount of lemon or orange juice. To mix chocolate with this, first melt the latter in a saucer or bowl over the tea-kettle. For a change do not mix it, but spread the melted chocolate in wavy lines over the white icing.

A NEW READER.

#### WAYS OF COOKING APPLES.

Apples are the winter fruit in our northern country, being in many, or most cases, the country housekeeper's main dependence for desserts; and a very good dependence they are, if properly used.

"Apple sauce! apple sauce! apple sauce!" I once heard a young farmer's wife exclaim. "I am sick of the stuff, and of apple pies, too, but what can I do? There are nothing but apples to cook." I gave her a few recipes for preparing this standard fruit then and there, which so pleased her that I venture to send the same to "HOME NOTES."

Jellied apples are a different thing from apple jelly. Butter an earthen pudding dish holding two quarts, or according to the size of your family. Put in a layer of tart apples, sliced thin, sprinkle over them a large spoonful of sugar and a grating of nutmeg, with a few tiny bits of butter; add another layer of apples, and repeat the process until the dish is full, then turn over all a large cupful of water—more may be needed if the apples are not very juicy—cover the dish with a plate which will fit closely down over the apples, set in the oven in a dish of water, and cook three or four hours, slowly. The butter may be omitted, in which case a dust of salt improves the "jellied apple," as in fact it does any apple sauce.

If one has a food whip or first-class beater, common stewed apples are readily transformed into a delicate dish scarcely recognizable as "apple sauce." Pare and core some sour apples and either stew them as quickly as possible, or steam them. Beat thoroughly, sweeten to your taste, and beat again. A grating of nutmeg over the top when sent to the table is liked by many.

Pare and core tart apples, leaving them whole. Place in a shallow pudding dish or deep custard plate, having just so many

as will cover the bottom; steam until tender, watching carefully to see that they do not become soft and lose shape. Take them out on a pretty dish, sift with sugar, pour the juice which has gathered into your preserving kettle or other suitable vessel, sweeten well, boil down a little, and pour around the apples.

Apple custard pies are easily made, and will be found a nice change from the usual method of making "green apple pies." Beat a pint of stewed apples, stir in one pint of milk, two-thirds cup of sugar in which is mixed a teaspoonful of corn-starch, and one tablespoonful of butter, melted. Mix all well together, add two or three well-beaten eggs, and bake in one crust with a sprinkling of nutmeg or cinnamon over the top.

AUNT CHLOE.

#### "HOME" RECIPES.

**SPICE CAKE.**—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one cup of shortening (half butter and half lard), one pound of raisins, seeded, one pound of currants, one-half pound of citron, one cup of strong-made coffee, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one of cloves, one-half a nutmeg, grated, two-thirds teaspoonful of soda in a little water, mix stiff, and bake two hours.

MRS. C. B. B.

**BEAN SOUP.**—At night pick over and put to soak a pint of beans; next morning, drain off the water, pour on fresh, and parboil the beans until the skins will slip off easily upon being rubbed in cold water. When this is done put over the fire again, allowing five cupfuls of water to a pint of beans, add a small onion finely chopped, and boil all until the beans are soft. Rub together a large spoonful of butter and half as much flour and stir in, after having mashed the beans as much as possible; season with salt and pepper to taste, and serve with croutons. By the way, the latter open an excellent "avenue" for the use of bread which might otherwise become stale and possibly be thrown away. Cut it in small cube-like pieces, and toast to a delicate brown in a moderate oven, then put away in

glass jars until wanted for use. These croutons are always nice with soups.

MRS. L. H. TUCKER.

#### NOTELETS.

**DEAR EDITOR:**—May I say to "C. N. of N. C.," that hexagons, diamonds, and fans form pretty patterns for silk patchwork? Also, to the reader who wished directions for a "silencer?" Crochet a cover, taking a Tam o' Shanter for your model; leave a hole in the top for the knob to slip through, and omit, of course, the band which is added to the real cap after narrowing or drawing in. Slip the cover over the lid and fasten on the under side.

H. S. B.

**DEAR EDITOR:**—Will you please make some suggestions of articles for a church fair? what would be likely to sell the best, etc., and oblige

ALLIE M. LANG.

[You should be able to judge better than we "what would sell best" in your own community. Articles that would meet with popular favor in one place might be entirely passed over in another; as a rule, however, useful things, or those which combine the desirable qualities of utility and beauty, are most sought for. Head-rests, scarfs of different kinds, handkerchief-cases, pin-cases and cushions, necktie sachets, tobacco-pouches, slipper-bags, button-bags, "housewives" (for gentlemen), and a thousand and one other articles might be named, any or all of which might find ready sale. Aprons of all sorts usually sell well. We know of one young lady who made thirty clothes-pin aprons for a recent fair in her own town, and sold them every one.]

#### AN EXCHANGE.

Seeds of running and dwarf nasturtium and sweet clover, or mellilot, and Madeira vine bulbs, to exchange for gladiolus bulbs of good size and of any color except scarlet. Will exchange also for seeds of morning-glory, phlox drummondii, scarlet salvia, asters, or others that I have not.

BROOKFIELD, VT.

MISS J. C. SMITH.



## EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

### THE ETHICS OF SUBTRACTION.

**S**HOULD you see a gold-haired maiden,  
 counting summers only nine,  
 'Cross whose gentle little forehead runs a  
 troubled little line,  
 You may know a bridge of figures is the  
 shadow on her soul—  
 If she reaches safely over, stoop, and  
 take a kiss for toll!

If you see this self-same maiden with a  
 smile upon her face,  
 In a reverie delicious—as is oftentimes  
 the case—  
 You may know that she is building  
 splendid castles in the air,  
 Than the rainbows more mysterious, than  
 the morning clouds more fair.

Tell this dear delightful dreamer looking  
 like a fresh-blown rose:  
 Castles builded will be grander if her  
 measurements she knows;  
 Fancies will be more ethereal if they  
 spring from wisdom's height;  
 That *beyond* Life's puzzling bridges loom  
 the Castles of Delight.  
 C. E. WHITON-STONE in *Wide Awake*.

### ANTICLIMAX.

**I** WALKED a city street, and sud-  
 denly  
 I saw a tiny lad. The winter wind  
 Howled fitfully, and all the air above  
 The clear cut outline of the buildings  
 tall  
 Seemed full of knives that cut against  
 the face:  
 An awful night among the unhoused  
 poor!  
 The boy was tattered; both his hands  
 were thrust  
 Forshow of warmth within his pocket-  
 holes,  
 Where pockets had not been for many a  
 day.  
 One trouser-leg was long enough to hide

The naked flesh, but one, in mockery  
 A world too short, though he was mon-  
 strous small,  
 Left bare and red his knee—a cruel  
 thing!

Then swelled my selfish heart with ten-  
 derness,  
 And pity for the waif: to think of one  
 So young, so seeming helpless, homeless  
 too,  
 Breasting the night, a-shiver with the  
 cold!

Gaining a little, soon I passed him by,  
 My fingers reaching for a silver coin  
 To make him happier, if only for  
 An hour, when—I marveled as I heard—  
 His mouth was puckered up in cheery  
 wise,

And in the very teeth of fortune's frown  
 He whistled loud a scrap of some gay tune!  
 And I must know that all my ready tears  
 Fell on a mood more merry than mine  
 own.

RICHARD E. BURTON in *Harper's*.

### A PRAYER.

**F**ORGIVE me, Lord, that my poor  
 thought of Thee  
 Such likeness of myself doth always  
 bring

To mingle with my sweetest offering,  
 And mar my worship with idolatry;  
 Forgive me that I am not ever free  
 To speak my soul's full utterance and  
 spring

Straight to Thy heart, and there to  
 humbly sing

My needs before Thy love's infinity.  
 Forgive me that my selfish wishes find  
 A god of their own shaping, and re-  
 peat

Their old familiar story, ever blind  
 To my one need—to make my gift com-  
 plete—

To take my heart, my soul, my strength,  
 and mind,

And lay me as I am beside Thy feet.

B. R. BULKELEY, in *Harper's*.

## THE UNDERTONE.

THEY word, O Lord! forever more is true:  
 The deep without calls to the deep within.  
 Here on the sunlit crags I lie at ease,  
 Whence I behold an endless vast without,  
 And dimly know a deeper vast within.  
 One with eternal voice of pealing sound,  
 And one with ceaseless crying of the soul,  
 While each to each a solemn answer gives.  
 Harken! My soul, be still and understand!  
 Swept by swift winds and drawn by secret power,  
 The waters break in music on the shore,  
 And with a speechless, yet a meaning voice,  
 Not to be heard, but by the fortunate ear  
 Attuned to high and spiritual sounds,  
 These waters cry, behold, they cry aloud,  
 Moaning in tender sympathy with pain,  
 Shouting anon with fresh and childlike glee,

Or murmuring low as in love's fond embrace.  
 Or like the prayers of saints about to die,  
 Then thundering the warriors' battle-shout;  
 The market's hum, the gold of eloquence,  
 The ever-wearying wrangle of the schools  
 And the vain babble of the idle crowd.  
 All these I hear, repeated from the world,  
 But underneath them all, in deeper strain,  
 Binding the whole in smooth, unbroken rhythm,  
 Is one low marvelous voice, as thunder strong,  
 Divinely clear, and sweet as heavenly bells,  
 That pauses not, nor ever changes tone,  
 But speaks unto the soul for evermore  
 Its one eternal prophecy of peace.  
 That wondrous voice, O God! is surely Thine;  
 That selfsame voice, Eternal God! is mine.

T. T. MUNGER, in *Century*.

GRACE. All our ideas of grace, when analyzed, will be found to be based upon economy of force. The hard and angular movements which betray much effort to little purpose are never graceful or pleasant. It is only when the object to be gained is achieved with apparent ease, or at least without an undue expenditure of force, that we call the process graceful and derive pleasure from witnessing it. This ease of performance and economy of force, while largely gained by continual practice, is also dependent upon the equable development of the different parts of the body and powers of the mind. Without this, health and happiness cannot be full and complete, and we all know that the healthy and happy man or woman is both the most interesting and the most valuable.

"BOTTLED SUNSHINE." There are persons who will work for the good of their fellow-men, who will give money and time, labor and thought to reforms and schemes for general welfare, who will not hesitate to make sacrifices, to perform benevolent and kindly actions, but who never give free and hearty utterance to

the gladness that they feel or the pleasure they enjoy. It is not that they intend to deprive any one of happiness, but they do not realize how much they could thus bestow. While trying in many ways to give light and warmth to their fellow-men they bottle up their own sunshine, forgetting that its influence might extend far and wide. Let all such pernicious silence be speedily broken. If the day is fair, and the air pure and clear, let us emphasize the fact; if we see any beauty, let us point it out; if we feel any joy, let us hasten to share it; if we have received any good, let us freely express it.

No ONE need fear that a wise discrimination will ever crush out real sympathy. There is enough sorrow in the world that needs consolation, enough poverty that needs relief, enough burdens that need lifting, enough pain that needs banishing to inspire all the sympathy of human nature, and to demand its most practical results. What is needed is not less sympathy, but more intelligence—not a stoical indifference, but a keen perception of the causes of human misery and a wise judgment in dealing with them.

## BABYLAND.

### WHISPERS.

THE light leaves toss in the breezes,  
The daisies wave 'mid the grass,  
And out from a rose-twined window  
Leans and listens a brown-eyed lass.  
O whispers, whispers, whispers,  
She is smiling as you pass.

Was it a secret, truly,  
The blue-birds builded a nest,  
All tinted and lined and circled  
With the glorious gold of the west,  
Where the little birds wrapped in the  
sunshine,  
Twitter their song of rest.

O whispers, whispers, whispers,  
Does never a mortal know  
That close to the buttercup's faces  
The murmuring ripples flow?  
Then why 'neath the sweeping lashes  
Do the brown eyes dance and glow?

There's a squirrel's home high in the  
chestnut,  
There's a froggie down by the spring,  
Where three tiniest fishes are swimming  
Round and round in a magic ring.  
O whispers, you've caught in her tresses,  
To her dear little ears you cling.

L. R. BAKER.

### WHY HARRY WAS CROSS.

"I THINK this is the very crossdest baby  
I ever saw," said Susie, giving the  
child a little shake.

Then she went on buttoning the bronze  
boot.

But Harry kept crying. It was so pro-  
voking, when Susie herself was in a hurry  
to get ready.

A new pink delaine was lying on her  
bed, and she fairly ached to get the dress  
on. Grandma came out of her room just  
as Susie finished dressing the little boy.

"Who has been hurting Harry's feel-  
ings?" asked grandma.

"He's only cross," Susie answered,  
promptly.

After while Uncle James drove up to  
the door and they were all off for a day  
in the country.

Every one enjoyed the ride except  
Harry. He did not even smile at the  
pretty ponies.

Susie was watching the leaves that  
came fluttering down, looking "just like  
butterflies," she said.

By and by they reached Uncle James's.  
"Now, let's take off Harry's shoes,"  
said mamma. "Maybe something is hurt-  
ing the little feet."

She did so, and what do you think hap-  
pened then?

As she drew the boot from his right  
foot, out fell an acorn.

"Oh! you poor 'bused baby," cried  
Susie; "I'll never call you cross again,  
no, not as long as I live."

RENA REYNOLDS.

### POLLY PRY AND TODDLEKINS.

TODDLEKINS was asleep in her little  
white bed. The sun tried to peep  
into her closed eyes, the clock struck six  
very loud, a big fly buzzed in her ear, and  
mamma came and called, but still Tod-  
dlekins did not wake up. Then a queer,  
cracked voice began to speak to Toddle-  
kins.

"Hullo!" it said. Toddlekins opened  
one eye.

"Hullo! how de do, dear? Good-  
morning!—morning!"

Both Toddlekins' eyes flew wide open,  
and she sat up and looked around. That  
was not mamma's voice!

"Pretty Polly!" said the voice, softly.  
"Polly Pry! Pretty Poll! O-look-at-  
Poll!"

Then Toddlekins saw what it was.  
Perched on the foot of her bed sat a par-  
rot with green and red feathers.

"This is Polly Pry!" said mamma.  
"Polly, this is your little mistress, Tod-  
dlekins!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Polly, winking at  
her, "ha! ha! ha!"—*Babyland.*

## THE WONDERFUL STORY OF BAA-BAA.

ONE day in spring Baby Bun's mamma said, "I'm going to take you to the farm to-day."

Baby liked that; and when he was ready to go, what do you think he had in his hand?

"A Dolly?" Oh! no. His dear little woolly lamb.

"Why don't you take your new horse, Baby?" asked mamma. "Doesn't he want to go?"

"Oh! yes," said Baby; "but Baa-Baa is sick, so I must take him to-day."

Poor Baa-Baa did look badly. One ear was gone, one leg was broken, and his head hung down in a forlorn way. He was wrapped in an old doll-blanket, and Baby carried him very carefully.

When they got to the farm Baby trotted about, looking till he found the very greenest, freshest grass anywhere near the farm-house.

"There, Baa-Baa, eat all you want," said Baby.

While Baa-Baa stood looking at the grass, but before he had begun to eat Farmer Robbins came that way.

"How do you do, Baby Bun?" said he. "Come and see the Bossy in the barn."

Baby looked at Baa-Baa. Farmer Robbins said, "Oh! you need not worry about him; animals sometimes like beat to be alone when they eat."

So Baby went with the farmer to see

the Bossy, and left Baa-Baa to eat the fresh, tender grass as he liked.

After Baby Bun had seen the Bossy, Farmer Robbins showed him the pigs and the horses and the ducks, until it was dinner-time.

Then, after dinner, Baby took a drive with mamma. He did not forget Baa-Baa, but thought, "He will have plenty of time to eat all he wants."

When mamma said, "Now, we must go home," Baby ran to get his pet. There stood Baa-Baa just where he had left him—but oh! oh! oh!—he had two ears, his broken foot seemed to have grown on again, and his head was up just as it should be!

"Baa-Baa is all well!" shouted Baby, "Baa-Baa is all well!"

Baby always thought it was the fresh grass that had cured his pet, but mamma knew that kind Farmer Robbins had mended Baa-Baa while Baby was at dinner.—*Babyland.*

## MAMMA'S ARITHMETIC.

2 BIG eyes, soft and blue,  
1 sweet mouth with kiss for you,  
2 small feet that trot all day,  
1 queer tongue with much to say,  
2 white hands, plump and fair,  
1 bright head of golden hair,  
1 small nose, a wee bit pug—  
Make one dear girl just right to hug.

—*Babyland.*

**SOCIETY.** Society is continually inhaling and exhaling, giving and taking, helping and being helped; and its health and growth depend upon the free and constant operation of both these functions. Neither can they be relegated to different classes of people, some doing all the giving and others all the receiving. To starve one side of the nature injures the whole; and unless both are in constant and happy exercise the individual is mentally and morally stunted—indeed, it will never be known how much more generous giving there would be in the world if there were more cordiality and gratefulness shown in accepting.

**THAT HORRID BOY!** Tommy: "Mr. Smith, can you swim?" Clara, impatiently: "Tommy, leave the room! You are annoying Mr. Smith!" Mr. Smith, graciously: "Oh, that question does not annoy me, Miss Heartsease! Yes, Tommy, I can swim. Why do you ask?" Tommy, edging toward the door: "'Cause I heard Clara tell sister Kate she was going to throw you overboard!"

**THE PRESENT LIFE.** Every man's life lies within the present, for the past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.



## HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

### PRETTY WORK FOR LEISURE HOURS.

THE old saw, "there is nothing new under the sun" is as true where needlework is concerned as in other matters. It is a fact that all these so-called "new" needlework is but a copy or an adaptation of older "stitchery," and perhaps may lay claim to be new only because it is fresh, and untried by the present generation. The truth must be spoken, and it is only fair to our great, great grandmothers to say that the modern work, as a rule, will not bear comparison with theirs either for evenness of execution, beauty of the tints used, firmness of the materials, or attention to detail. In these days of living at railroad speed, we have not time to sit over fancy work, to say nothing of the use of the machine, and too often the task has to be completed within a given time, and the delicate stitches are hurriedly drawn together, or the work is irregular, perhaps in consequence of many interruptions.

I think it may be safely asserted that quite two-thirds of the work from which I have gathered the materials for this paper are copied from older specimens. As I write, I have in my mind two sets of doilies made of drawn linen. The one set was worked in the middle of the last century, the other about the end of last year. The old and new are so different that it is difficult to believe that they are the same style of work. The one has double the number of stitches in it, and bears a resemblance to delicate thread lace, while the modern doilies have more the appearance the others would present if viewed through the medium of a very powerful magnifying glass, but with a smaller number of stitches in them. The stitches are further apart, and the cotton used is far coarser and rougher. In the older work, all the edges of the linen which have had the threads drawn from them are overcast with a fine knotted stitch; this gives additional firmness to the work, so that it is better able to stand wear and washing. The corners are also filled up with little

bars and wheels like those used in point lace; indeed, a good specimen of this work should really be embroidered with all the delicacy with which a good worker would treat a piece of hand-made lace.

The ornamentation of the upper edges of linen sheets with drawn work forms a pleasant little piece of work, and as there is no corner that needs turning, the labor is not great, or so elaborate as it would be if the insertion had to be carried down the sides also. Pillow shams, towels, pocket-handkerchiefs, tablecloths, and napkins may all be improved by a slight insertion of drawn work. I say "slight," because it does not by any means follow that the more elaborate the decorations, the more effective. As minute descriptions of the various stitches employed in the work have been published over and over again both here and elsewhere, there is no occasion to repeat them, so I will turn to embroideries that do not require the expenditure of so much time, trouble, or eyesight.

First and foremost among these, may be mentioned that most fascinating work upon damask which adds so greatly to the handsome appearance of small tablecloths and serviettes. The pattern is sometimes merely outlined, more often covered thickly with stitches worked in white or colored flax thread, or very fine colored silk. The newly introduced washing filosomes are most admirably adapted for such embroidery, if one thread only of the silk be used for the stitches. If the design is entirely covered with work, this must be executed in satin, buttonhole, and Turkish stitch, lighter fillings of dot stitch, or French knots, being added where the pattern seems to require them. It is so much the fashion just now to use embroidered table linen that much taste may be exercised in the choice of colors with which to work; a mixture of crimson, pale blue, and brown looks well upon a cream-colored damask, while blue or pink has a good effect on a white background; the fringe may be cut off and replaced by a colored thread lace,

or, better still, may have some strands knotted into it of the same colored silk as that used in the embroidery.

We are accustomed to think of "charity" blankets as of a fusty brown or gray color, and as being rather coarse and common-looking. A very small amount of patience and the use of very simple and easily obtained materials will soon convert them into excellent sofa rugs, or even portières. They can be bought from a dollar a pair and upward. A pattern is first traced out upon the flannel; scrolls are the most suitable, or a Renaissance design containing various heraldic beasts, has a good effect when worked. The scrolls are perhaps best for a rug, the "creatures" for a portière. The color of the flannel must be decided by the particular tint of the blanket. A warm crimson looks well on a gray rug, rose color or old gold on dull brown. The flannel is first tacked into place upon the rug, and the outlines of the pattern followed with buttonhole stitches in a deeper shade of worsted than the flannel, the outside part being afterward cut away. Further embroidery may be added to give a less striking appearance to the appliqué, and fancy stitches of various kinds may be worked upon the flannel. A twisted pattern of black velvet and crimson cloth, or flannel, looks well, if added near the edges of these blankets, or they may be simply embroidered, if something less elaborate be preferred. An embroidery pattern with colored scraps of flannel or cloth introduced here and there, has a very good and bold effect, while the top and bottom edges of the rug may be finished with a soft, woolen fringe of the colors used in the needlework.

Imitation eider-down quilts may be made at home by those who have still a lingering taste for patchwork. Either silk or cotton scraps can be used for the quilt, and they should be cut into either triangular or diamond-shaped pieces, all of exactly the same size. Two of these are sewn together so as to make a tiny bag or case, which is to be lightly filled with feathers before the last side is sewn up. When the quilt is the size of the flat part of the bed, it may be bordered with a plain, double piece about three inches wide, which is stuffed with feathers in the same way. Many poulterers, especially

in country towns, sell feathers cleaned and baked already for stuffing pillows, or they may be purchased of almost any upholsterer. The best material to make the patchwork cover of is an Indian patterned print, which is not difficult to obtain, while the other side of the quilt may be as well made of self-colored linen as of anything else, besides, in case of illness, a quilt of a bright pattern is often distressing to the eyes of an invalid. The advantage of a fully patterned material is, that the stitches of the seams are less conspicuous than upon a plain one. Other patchwork patterns may be adapted in the same way, but the lozenge or diamond-shaped pieces have the advantage of resembling quilting more than any other shapes. Lines of coral stitch are a great improvement worked along the seams, or a fine, narrow, colored braid, or chain stitch may be carried along them. If a little care be exercised, the wrong side may be made quite as neat as the right side, and there is then no reason why the quilt should not be reversed at will.

A kind of embroidery appliqué has been introduced of late, which will be acceptable to those who are seeking for effect that is easily obtained, and who are tired of the more ordinary sorts of fancy work. The specimen I saw was mounted as a tea cozy of the mitre shape made in plush. On each side of the cozy had been traced, as if for embroidery, a bouquet of marguerites, but instead of the flowers being worked in the usual way the artificial ones sold for millinery purposes had been carefully flattened out to the needful shape, laid on the plush, and secured with a few tiny and invisible stitches. The buds were worked in the same way, but the leaves were embroidered with filoselle and crewels. If quickly done and effective work be desired, the leaves and stems might well be worked in silk or woolen arrasene. I usually prefer the latter, as it wears much better than the silk, and does not get so worn in the process of drawing it through and through the plush. I have mentioned marguerites first as being simple flowers to begin with, but single dahlias, poppies, pansies, wild roses, jasmine, or primroses, are all suitable, and have a particularly bold effect, especially when seen at a little distance. The stitches used in securing the flowers

to the plush should be as inconspicuous as it is possible to make them, and much will depend upon whether the silk used matches the flowers exactly. Just as many stitches should be made as will be found necessary to keep the petals from curling up at the edges. The same work looks well applied to brackets, curtains, mantel-valances or anything raised and stretched along the line of sight of the spectator; by this I mean that it is not so appropriate for a footstool, table cloth, or anything that is looked down upon. Needless to say, only the best French flowers should be used, and it is very important that the silk which secures them to the plush should match them exactly. Some velvet flowers, too, have a handsome effect upon plush. (Fig. 1.)

So many kinds of very rich embroidery seem to be high in popular favor just now, that it is hard for those ladies who have but a limited sum to lay out on fancy work. Plush, satin, brocade, and silk damask are favorite foundations for this class of embroidery, and very handsome is that which is executed solely in shades of gold-colored silk mixed with gold thread. For this, a bold, flowing scroll pattern looks well, and the outlines of the design should be couched with gold-colored filoselle. A complete strand of the silk is required, it must be laid on the lines of the pattern, and kept in place by a stitch of two threads of filoselle of a darker shade taken across it at intervals of about a quarter of an inch. When all this outlining is done, the open parts of the pattern should be filled in with fancy stitches in various shades of gold-colored silk, so as perhaps to carry out the idea of conventional leaves and flowers. French knots, worked with the whole thickness of filoselle, passed once only round the needle, also effectively fill up any spaces that may be considered to lend themselves to such fillings. The fine Japanese tinsel is the best to use to outline the work and brighten it, and may be worked in chain stitch round the outside edges. Sometimes the larger parts of the pattern are cut out in plush of a darker shade of the same color as the foundation and appliquéd to it. They should also be bordered with the gold filoselle, and any corners and pointed designs there may be should be finished off with strands of filo-

selle caught down something in the style of a flat tassel. Cushion covers, workbags, and smaller articles look well worked in this manner.

Cloth tea-table cloths are rich and foreign-looking when they are worked entirely in Japanese gold thread. The designs, and it is best to embroider the borders only, are wholly covered with this fine cord, which is taken two strands



FIG. 1.

at a time, laid on the cloth, and kept in place here and there with stitches of fine gold-colored silk. This idea is, no doubt, taken from the rich Japanese embroideries we are accustomed to see upon screens. The material should be stretched tightly in a frame, the extra trouble will be amply compensated for by the greater beauty and evenness of the work. Should the great mass of gold thread be objected to, I advise a worker to try the effect of white and golden-brown floss with it. This is a remarkably successful combination, as each tint seems to improve the other. We frequently see a similar mixture in Indian work.

Some of the delicate needlework exe-

cuted on Tussore and Pongee silk is very pretty and soft, and pleasant to do. For doilies a geometric pattern is the most convenient, and this often takes the form of wee powderings over the silk. Many dainty stitches may be used as fillings, according to the taste and ability of the worker, but it may be taken as a general rule that the more variety of these, the better. The colors should be as subdued and at the same time as rich and harmonious in tone as possible. One thread only of filoselle is used, and the shades of color in this make of silk will be found more delicate and softer than any in ordinary crewel or embroidery silk.

Ladies who have plenty of leisure and

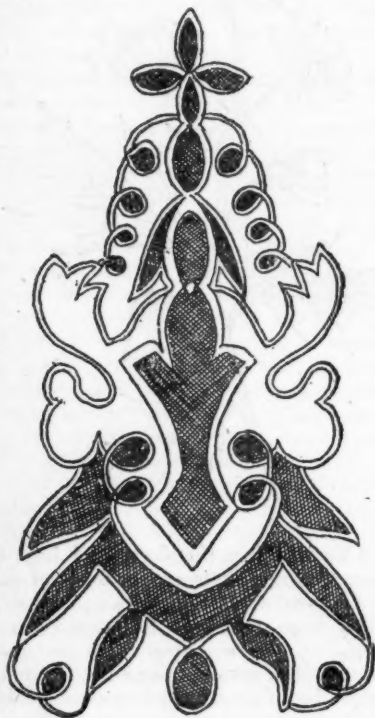


FIG. 2.

who are fond of fancy work are now turning their attention to the adornment of bed-spreads by way of adding to the appearance of the bedrooms. The "snowy white bed" we are accustomed to read of in books exists no longer, white quilts are doomed, and white hangings have long been consigned to lodging-houses and

country hotels. A very beautiful quilt I lately saw had a magnificent appearance when laid on the bed. It simply consisted of coarse, brown holland, on which had been applied a rich pattern in Turkey twill. The design of this consisted of a flowing border of large vine-leaves and bunches of grapes, the centre having a similar design arranged as a cluster instead of a border. Such a pattern must be first traced on the twill, which is then fastened down to the holland foundation with an abundance of tacking stitches. All the lines are then worked evenly and closely in buttonhole, satin, or chain-stitch, according to their position; buttonhole stitches are the firmest to use where the material has to be cut away along one side; satin stitch is useful for dots, fruits, etc., and chain stitch for veins of leaves and tendrils. When all this is done the twill is carefully cut away, leaving the pattern in bold relief of red against the brownish ground. Sometimes the leaves of a design only are laid on, the berries being worked in ordinary crewel stitch.

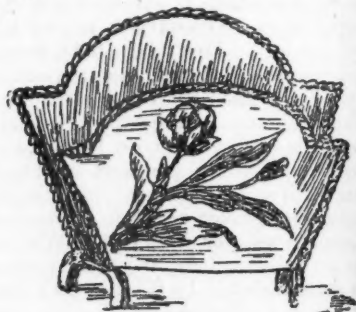


FIG. 3.

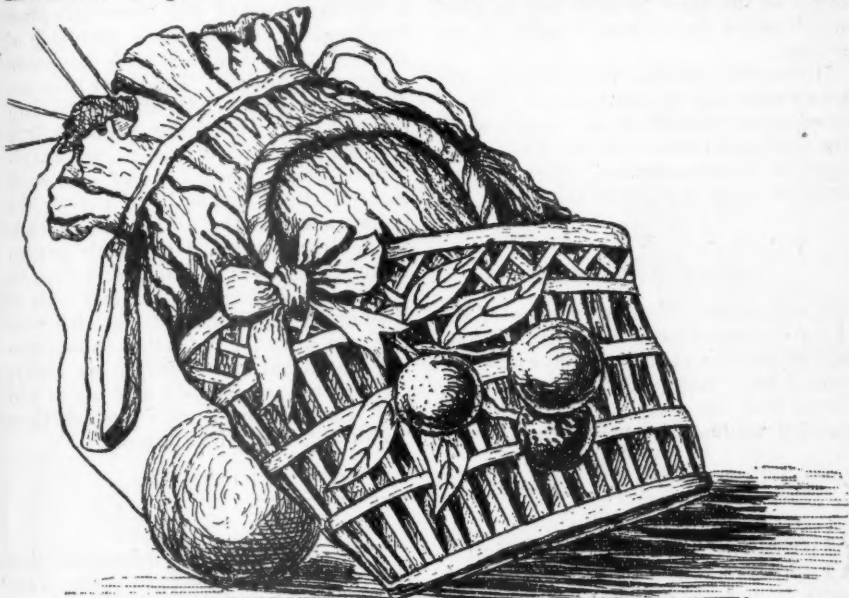
A little shading may be added or not, to the leaves, according to taste. Ingrain red embroidery cotton is the best to use, as this stands continual washing as well as do the twill and the holland. Great care must be taken not to draw or pucker the work at all. Sideboard cloths look handsome worked in the same way, so do borders to curtains, tea-cloths, and towels. It may also be carried out with more expensive materials if preferred, such as velvet or plush upon satin or frieze, according to the purpose to which it is to be applied.

Ladies who are fond of embroidering the vests, cuffs, and collars for their



dressers may like to try the following plan. I will suppose that the gown itself is navy-blue serge. The vest and cuffs are of dark-red cloth; upon this is traced a de-

Finally, I give a little sketch of a letter rack that has the advantage of being both useful and pretty (see fig. 3). Three pieces of cardboard are covered with wide,



KNITTING BASKET.

sign which is then braided with fine white woolen braid. When this is finished the red material must be cut away outside the lines of the pattern, and if this is carefully done with a sharp pair of scissors, the cloth will not ravel in the least, but when the trimming is sewn on the dress, the blue serge will show through these openings very effectively. (Fig. 2.) White cloth may take the place of red if preferred, and blue braid used instead of white, thus limiting the colors to two; in some cases coarse net may be used in place of cloth, the fashionable Tosca net with very large meshes giving a very light and pretty appearance to the embroidery. Many varieties may be made in the arrangement of the colors, but space will not permit me to enlarge further on the subject of embroidery for dresses. I can only remind my readers of the vast field open for their energies in this direction this winter, when it is evident that braided and embroidered gowns will be the height of fashion.

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fancy sash-ribbon, the pattern of which is so arranged that it runs straight across the front and back portions of the rack, which are lined with plain silk of a harmonizing color. The card for the front is cut rather larger than a full-sized letter, is scalloped at the top and slopes gradually narrower at the lower edge. The piece for the back is the same size at the bottom, but is rather higher, and consequently wider at the upper edge. The portion that forms the bottom of the rack is the same length as the front and back, but is only two inches and a half wide. This, too, is covered and lined. The three pieces are next sewn firmly and strongly together. The legs which support the rack are contrived of several pieces of card, cut somewhat in the shape of half rings, straight instead of curved along the upper edge. These are stuck together until they form a solid rest about half an inch thick. About twelve pieces of cardboard will be required, but the number must necessarily vary according to its thickness. This rest,

too, when quite dry, is covered with satin to match the remainder of the rack. Two only are required, as will be seen in the sketch. A cord is run round all the edges of the rack to hide the stitches which secure the satin and the lining together.

By varying the size of the cards equally pretty cases can be contrived for holding newspapers, magazines, or music, while the material of which the cover is made is open to equal variation, plush, velvet, satin, or silk being just as suitable.

#### KNITTING BASKET.

IT was, in its original state, one of the common two-handled rush baskets which may be purchased anywhere for twenty-five cents, but before being lined and decorated it was entirely painted white with one of the favorite

highly-glazed enamel paints. The lining, which was of orange-colored silk, was drawn up into a bag with orange-colored satin ribbons, the handles being also entwined and finished with bows of the same bright-colored ribbon, while each side of the basket was decorated with miniature oranges and leaves. The latter were cut out in dark green cloth, and veined with silk a shade or two lighter, while the little oranges were made by a passing orange-colored wool through a ring of cardboard and afterward cutting it, in exactly the same manner as the ordinary wool balls for babies are made. Other fruit, or even flowers, might be imitated, and thus be the means of using up odds and ends of wool and floss, filoselle, etc., are left over after the work for which they were originally purchased is finished, I am always glad when I can mention any useful and inexpensive fancy work for which these "oddments" may be utilized.

**GREASE EXTRACTOR.** A mixture highly recommended to remove grease-spots from boys' or men's clothing particularly is made of four parts of alcohol to one part of ammonia, and about half as much ether as ammonia. Apply the liquid to the grease-spot, and then rub diligently with a sponge and clear water. The chemistry of the operation seems to be that the alcohol and ether dissolve the grease, and the ammonia forms a scap with it, which is washed out with the water. The result is much more satisfactory than when something is used that only spreads the spot and makes it fainter.

As soon as girls are capable of learning it, the rule of "A place for everything, and everything in its place" should be strictly enforced, to be followed up by the analogous one, "A time for everything, and everything at its time." Sir Walter Scott puts this teaching into the mouth of one of his most sympathetic creations, leal Jeanie Deans, when he makes her answer the old Highlander's praise of her housekeeping with "A great deal can be done by minding one's turns."

THE healthful body demands that the muscles be used to keep them strong and vigorous; nor does it shrink from the task. But afterward it also demands quiet and repose with equal imperativeness, and, if either be denied, its normal strength will decline, its life will deteriorate, and, of course, the happiness which comes from physical health will diminish in like ratio. Just so is it with all human faculties.

HAPPINESS is the very light and sun of the whole animated universe; and where she is not it were better that nothing should be. Without her, wisdom is but a shadow, virtue a name; she is their sovereign mistress; for her alone they labor—to enjoy and to communicate her is their effort and the consummation of their toil.

It is in the home, if anywhere, that social instincts can be wisely developed and guided, and that the best preparation for social welfare can be made. The very qualities that enable brothers and sisters to live happily together also fit them to live happily with their fellow-men in after-life.

## FASHION NOTES.



### TEA-GOWNS AND TEA-JACKETS.

FOR home evening wear there is no more dressy or comfortable garment than the tea-gown, and it is becoming

quite fashionable to retain it for home dinners, even when there are one or two guests, although not when there is a ceremonious dinner-party.

For ordinary home wear, to take the place of a smart and presentable dressing silk, or by the addition of a full front of crêpe or Pongée silk in the same or a con-



gown, cashmere in bright tints, such as ruby, grenat, Vesuvian, *paon*, sapphire, and moss or jasper greens, are all admirable, if smartened with revers of plush or

trasting color, or lace flouncing may be used in the same manner.

A very original tea-gown made just recently for a lady was of plaid costume



cloth in subdued shades of olive, with silk cross-bars in yellow and red.

This was made entirely on the cross, and had a full front of dull red surah and

The sleeves, of plaid material, hung in long square wings nearly to the edge of the skirt, and were lined with red surah, and underneath were close-fitting sleeves of the surah, finishing with cuffs of olive velvet.

In copying tea-gowns in bright combinations, it is necessary to be very careful in selecting those shades which harmonize well.

The tea-gowns and tea-jackets on page 279 are especially suitable for evening wear, and, although not too elaborate for home dressmaking, are particularly elegant and dressy, and also most becoming if the colors are selected with due regard to the wearer's complexion.

The tea-jacket No. 20 is a quaint "Directoire" model of Parma silk and thin black lace, the shoulders fitting closely, and trimmed in cape fashion with two rows of seven-inch lace. The top row of lace is put on full from the neck, the second row just in a line with the top of the arm-hole.

The jacket is cut very simply with a full front, one side piece, and a shaped back, and is drawn in to the waist with a ribbon belt. The revers are faced with the same silk, and edged with a cable cord in the same color.

The tea-gown No. 30 is of soft cream-white Saxony lace and sap-green satin merv, which is an exquisite combination for a very fair woman, or equally becoming if the complexion is pale and clear, with reddish-brown hair.

The front is cut as a "Princesse" lining in pale sap-green sateen, and on this the lace is arranged, the edge finished with a narrow plaited frill of satin merv, and a folded band of the same at the waist.

The over-front has the immediate front faced with merv, and left loose, about three to four inches, but the skirt part is tacked straight down on to the lace on either side. The back fullness consists of four whole widths of merv gathered on below the waist, but only a few inches on the ground; three widths may, however, be used when the back is not required extra full or wide.

The tea-gown No. 40 is of rich ruby plush, with a collar of Irish point, and the front of *vieux rose* surah set in full



No. 1.

large revers of olive-green velvet. Across the surah front was a pinked-out ruche of mixed red and olive faille, and although the colorings seem somewhat bizarre, yet in reality the tea-gown was not conspicuously bright or showy.

gathers and drawn in at the waist, with a folded band of the same.

The plush fronts are faced in for about three or four inches with the surah, and the open sleeves are also lined with the same.

gathers to the throat, and finish with the ordinary collar-band, and even the open sleeves may be fitted with under ones of lace or net.

The tea-jacket requires about three and a half yards of silk and four yards of



No. 2.

The front lining is cut in a heart-shaped opening, to which the fullness is drawn, and a silk cord is placed inside to complete the finish.

For those who prefer a high-necked tea-gown, it is quite simple to cut the lining high and draw the surah in fine

seven-inch lace, or three yards of that width and one yard narrower for the sleeves.

The No. 30 tea-gown takes nine or ten yards of merv, according to the width of the back, and about four yards of lace flouncing for the skirt, vest, and sleeves.

Tea-gown No. 40 requires nine yards of plush, and from five to six yards of merv—five yards if carefully cut, allowing for narrow facings.

The dress on p. 280 is a soft light cloth of the new tea shade, bordered handsomely in darker tints of the same coloring. It is made with a plain back, a front with broad revers of embroidery, and is let in at the sides with finely-knifed accordion plaits, which take off the severity of its general appearance.

No. 1. Dress in sky-blue China silk; frill of Mauresque lace; sash with double bows



No. 3.

across the front, and fastening on the shoulder.

No. 2. GIRL'S EMPIRE FROCK in cream cashmere, embroidered with pink daisies; sash of pale green surah. The edge of the overskirt is vandyked, and a fine kilt-ing added.

No. 3. GIRL'S FROCK in white embroidered muslin; bodice of fine tucks; shoulder bows; sash across the front, with double bows.

The mantle worn by the lady in our illustration is made of plush and trimmed with lace, as laces for this purpose are just now very moderate in price and very soft and elegant in make. Lace is the most economical trimming for anything of this kind because it neither wears out quickly nor goes out of fashion, and can be used over and over again in various forms. Above the lace flouncing there is a trimming formed by laying a piece of ribbon or satin round the pointed sleeve and back of the mantle, and down the fronts, and carefully stitching over it a narrower black lace or insertion. The neckband or collar is formed in the same way, and the long front ends are finished off by ribbon bows to match the underlay. This is a mode of trimming that commends itself very much to the amateur dress and mantle-maker. Plush is everlasting wear, and is largely made both in black and shades of brown. Black is seldom trimmed in this manner with anything but white, and looks very stylish, indeed, with the black lace (of which guipure is the best) laid on a white ground. Brown plush looks well when a tan or fawn shade is used for the bordering, and the easiest way of manipulating it is as follows: Cut out every part of the pattern first of all in the plush, and then the same size in the domette, which should come next to it, and last of all, half an inch larger in the lining. This lining economical people will often be able to make of the widths of an old silk skirt carefully washed or cleaned and ironed smooth. Turn the plush face downward and tack the domette to each part separately, keeping the tacking at least an inch from every raw edge. Over this tack the lining, taking the stitches through all three thicknesses and keeping them the same distance from the edges. Then stitch the necessary seams in back (if any), on the shoulders

and round the part that looks like sleeves in the plush alone; open each seam—but plush is better not pressed—and then lay the domette smoothly over it, first on one side and then on the other, and put in a few light stitches so as to unite it without making a seam, and lay the lining over lastly in the same manner, turning the



upper edge under so as to allow of neatly hemming it down without taking the stitches through. Next trim all the raw edges with the scissors, tack close and run the underlay of ribbon or crossway satin on underneath, so as to turn it over on the plush. This at once finishes the greater part of the garment neatly, all but the untrimmed sides of the ends

formed by the front. Along them the plush must be turned under and the lining silk ditto, and hemmed down. Next sew on the guipure, fastening it down securely with small, strong stitches just beyond the border. Now gather the wide lace which only goes along the back and sleeves, and sew in a ribbon string, or band of elastic at the waist line, and if possible, stitch a moderate-sized black passementerie ornament behind, with the top of it coming a little above the place where the ribbon is stitched underneath. The neckband should be lined with a piece of stiffening between the outside and the lining and should be of the same color as the rest of the underlay, and when firmly sewn on inside and out, the lace should be laid over. The front should fasten with hooks and eyes placed alternately, so that first a hook on the right catches into an eye on the left, and second a hook on the left catches into an eye on the right. A narrow strip of thin sarsenet ribbon laid under the hooks, so as to hide the sewing on of both hooks and eyes, imparts quite a professional finish to the garment.

The little bonnet worn with the mantle is fashionable but at the same time cozy and comfortable in shape, and is intended to be of felt, trimmed with velvet and satin, and the dress shows a suitable way of making up serge, cashmere, or cloth. The little girl's hat is one of the fashionable felts trimmed with ribbon bows of a lighter color, and the cloak is a striped brown and black cloth with velvet shoulder-piece forming a complete over-dress, the warmth being regulated by the texture of the frock underneath, and possibly the addition of a woollen wrap put on before the cloak so as to protect the lungs by affording additional warmth to the chest and back.

In these days, when so much is said about sanitary clothing it is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remind our readers that outside wraps must not supersede the woollen garments that should always be worn next the skin.

The little girl's coat is made of fine red ladies' cloth, lined throughout and gathered into a velvet yoke pointed back and front. The long, full sleeves come from the shoulder with tight ones underneath.



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